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Orphan Nell, the Orange-Girl;

THE LOST HEIR OF THE LIVINGSTONES.
A ROMANCE OF CITY LIFE.

BY AGILE PENNE.

CHAPTER I.

THE WILL OF ANSON LIVINGSTONE.

In the parlor of one of the brown-stone palaces on Fifth avenue, New York, sat two men, both young, yet totally unlike in appearance. The first, reclining in a luxuriant arm-chair, his hands playing nervously with his massive watch-chain, was a young man, perhaps twenty-three years of age. He was dressed in the height of fashion; all about him was rich, costly and becoming; evidently he was a favored son of fortune. His features were regular, his eyes a peculiar blue—the flash of which reminded one of the glint of light from steel. A long, silken mustache, of yellow hue, the same as his hair, shaded his lip. The whole face was handsome, yet there was a cold, evil expression upon it at times—the look of one whose idol was self, and self alone.

The second man was a complete contrast to the first. His hair, which was cropped close to his head, was black as night; his eyes the same color; his face pale as death—an unnatural whiteness. He was dressed in a rusty suit of black, worn threadbare here and there. He wore no beard, but his chin looked as if it sadly needed the keen edge of the razor.

His whole appearance seemed to say: "I am down; don't strike me!"

Reader, the man in black is the one who now writes these lines.

Years have passed since Richard Livingstone, the heir who had just come into a \$100,000 by his father's death—for he was the one I have previously described—and I sat together in the parlor of his elegant mansion on Fifth avenue, New York.

What then had I, the hanger-on, the poor drudge of a Private Detective's office, in common with the wealthy Livingstone?

You shall learn.

But first, for a few words to introduce myself. I am called Alexander Gordon. My father was one of the first lawyers in New York. In my youth I received all the instruction that money could procure, was sent to Yale College—Livingstone and I being in the same class. There I graduated, with the highest honors. I had studied for the law, and on return to New York was admitted to the bar. Then my father died suddenly, and all his fortune, which proved

to be much smaller than the world supposed, came to me. I was what was called a "good fellow," fond of a social glass, or a night's enjoyment with a party of friends. Need I tell the result? Wine and the smiles of false beauties were my ruin. Step by step I went down the ladder of social degradation until one morning I awoke to find myself penniless and friendless—my health broken, my reputation gone.

My former friends—"heaven save the mark!"—had suddenly become near-sighted, and passed me without notice, or else crossed over on the other side of the street when they saw me coming, and thus avoided me.

These things cut me to the heart. I would have committed suicide, but I feared I did not have the courage. Starvation stared me in the face; what to do I knew not. I could not hold a position, even the lowest, for I was not to be depended upon. I could not resist the temptation to drink. At the eleventh hour, when I had not tasted food for two days, fate, chance, luck, call it what you will, sent a friend to my aid. That friend was John Peters, the Detective, of No. 608 Broadway.

Peters had been employed by my father in a great many ticklish jobs, which came within the peculiar province of the detective.

He caught me by the hand and shook it warmly.

In a few moments he, with a few well-put questions, learned my situation. He thought for a moment, and then said:

"I want a clerk; come to my office!"

I accepted his offer, and after I entered the office, strove to reform. In part I succeeded; but, at times, the old vice would come upon me and I could not withstand temptation.

One day, after I had been with Peters some three months, Livingstone called to see Peters upon business. That business was to trace a certain person—to find if the person was alive or dead; and, if living, where.

Peters was very busy; the task was simple, and the detective asked me if I would undertake it. I accepted the chance at once. I happened to be in the office when Livingstone called, and I saw that he had forgotten me. No wonder, for the change in my appearance had been great, and I shunned recognition.

I set about my duties at once. I had very little difficulty and soon procured the desired information—not only the information desired, but some that possibly Livingstone would have been better pleased not to have known. There was, as I discovered, a dark secret connected with the Livingstone family—a secret that, once known, would make Richard Livingstone as poor as myself. He was in my power. I felt it, and I gloried in it. "Why?" perhaps some may ask. I will tell, although the memory is bitter.

Oliver Livingstone, Richard's sister, three years younger than he—a fair-haired, bright-eyed beauty, lovely as a painter's dream, cold as an iceberg, with the steel-blue eyes, the mark of the iron-hearted Livingstones—had been my betrothed bride. I loved her—oh! how I loved her—but, when my father died, and I came in possession of his fortune, which proved so much less than report had given out, I noticed a growing coldness on the part of my promised bride and her brother. This course produced the usual result. I drank deeper and harder than ever. Then, in one mad hour, when flushed with liquor, I visited Oliver, and the blow fell upon me. The lips that I had kissed so often, with all the joyous passion of a man's first love, told me that we must part forever. Bitter was my reply. I spoke the thoughts that burned in my heart. I told her that she was false, and that I regretted the hour when I had first looked upon her face.

Well, I knew the reason for my rejection. I was poor; that was my crime. Drunkenness could have been forgiven, covered by a golden mask; but, to be poor—that was a crime that admitted of no excuse.

I said but little, and left the house. But now, the hour of my triumph was approaching. I resolved that Richard Livingstone should give me half his fortune and his sister's hand in marriage, or the secret I had discovered I would give to the world.

Behold me now, seated in Livingstone's parlor, about to commence the interview which would end in my triumph.

"Well, sir," said Livingstone, a slight shade of nervousness showing itself upon his face; "you have procured the information I desired?"

"Yes," I answered, "I have," and then waited for another question.

His embarrassment increased; he evidently felt that it was a delicate subject. Had he known that I knew all the particulars of the "case" he had desired John Peters to "work up," I do not doubt he would have been much more agitated.

"You are in Mr. Peters' office?" he said, after quite a pause.

"Yes, sir," I answered.

"Why did not Mr. Peters attend to my business in person?" he asked.

"No time—other engagements," I said, with Spartan brevity.

For perhaps five minutes Livingstone sat silent, apparently engaged in deep thought; then he raised his head. I saw by his manner that he had determined to know all.

"You have procured the information I wished?"

"Yes."

"Well, does the child live?"

"Before we proceed any further, Mr. Livingstone, let us understand each other."

"Sir," he said, with a puzzled look.

"You wish to know the whereabouts of a child named—"

"What! you have discovered the name?" he exclaimed, the glitter of his eyes betraying strong excitement.

"I believe, when you applied to our office, you did not give the name of the child; you only gave the names of the people at Little Falls, who reared the infant."

Livingstone leaned back in his chair again, and from his half-closed eyes shot a peculiar glance at me—a glance seemingly of recognition. Well, I did not care; in the space of ten or fifteen minutes, I should announce myself. So I continued, first, however, drawing a memorandum-book from my pocket, in which Livingstone's instructions had been noted down.

"Case No. 40; to find the whereabouts of a child born at Little Falls, Herkimer county, State of New York, in the year 1844; the mother's name, Salome Percy; the father's name unknown. Said child brought up at the farm-house of George W. Wilson, uncle to Salome Percy." This I read from the memorandum-book.

"That is correct, sir, is it not?" I asked.

"Quite," he answered, pulling the ends of his silken mustache and favoring me with a peculiar look.

"Well, sir, the child is living and is a girl."

"A girl!" he started.

"Yes, named Salome, after the mother, and—her last name is the same as her father's!"

"Ah! you know it?" the question came quick from his nervous lips.

"Yes," I said, cold as ice.

"Then you have discovered possibly more than I cared for you to know," and his voice was as cold and passionless as mine. This surprised me. But I thought to myself that he had determined to play a bold game; but, knowing what I did, I knew I had him "foiled."

"Perhaps!" I answered, laconically.

"You say the child is known by the name of the father?"

"Yes."

"I am somewhat surprised at that. I should have thought that the mother would have been anxious to conceal her shame and not to publish it to the world by giving her child the name of her betrayer," and he bent a keen glance on me as he spoke.

"You are speaking in riddles, Mr. Livingstone," I answered coolly, for I saw now that his "little game" was to hoodwink me. "I don't see why a lawful wife shouldn't call her child by his father's name."

"You mean to say, then, that this girl Salome is the child of a legal marriage?" he questioned, a dark frown gathering on his forehead and the wicked light shining from his eyes.

"Exactly!" I came down on him, sharp as a needle.

"I think you would find it difficult to prove that in a court of justice," he said, with a sneer.

"I could prove it, if I need be, in sixteen courts! The minister is still living in Buffalo, who married Salome Percy to—"

"Hush!" he said, nervously. "Enough, that we know the name, without speaking it. This child you say is still living?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"Here in New York city!"

"Is it possible?"

"Yes; I can put my hands on her at a moment's notice! Here I lied, because I couldn't do any thing of the kind; still, he didn't know that. The facts were, I had discovered that the girl was in New York, and I had a tolerably good idea where she was to be found."

"You can do this, Alexander Gordon?" he asked. As I had suspected, he remembered me, despite the change that liquor had made in my face and appearance.

"Yes," I answered, without evincing any astonishment at being saluted by my name.

"You see I know you!" He was evidently astonished that his recognition had not affected me.

"Yes; I expected that you would know me." Down on him again, needle-like I came. "Now, as I said before, let us understand each other. Only a few months ago I was coolly told that I was too poor to be a match for your sister Oliver. Now, I tell you, I have proofs in my possession, which will strip you and your sister of every dollar you have in the world, that will drive both of you beggars into the street."

Livingstone never changed color, or moved a muscle at my threat. I saw at once that my blow had failed; why, or how I knew not.

"You are speaking rashly," he said, in a quiet tone; a tone that, coming from a man like him, boded danger. "What are these proofs you speak of?"

"The marriage-certificate of the mother and the record of the baptism of the child," I answered, coolly, throwing each word at him as though they were daggers aimed at his heart.

"You have these proofs?"

"Yes."

"Ah!" and for a moment he was silent. I could see that mentally he was preparing for an attack. The struggle was about to commence. I glanced over my plan of battle, figuratively speaking. There was no weak point—no loop-hole for his escape. The proofs were in my hands—proofs that could not be disputed; and, in my own mind, I determined that he should pull me up, or I would pull him down.

"You intend to use this knowledge against me?" he said, with a searching glance into my face.

"Yes!" I answered, in a tone that must have shown him that I had hoisted the black flag, and that he could expect but little mercy at my hands.

"Alex.—I will call you as I used to in the old time, when we were chums at college together," he exclaimed, in a smooth voice. "It is better for us to be friends than foes. Forget the past, which you have more to lay to your own folly than to any other cause. You are poor. I am rich. Sell me these proofs you speak of. I will pay well for them."

"That is all that can be asked," I said. Now came my turn. "Give me fifty thousand dollars and the hand of your sister Oliver, and the documents are yours."

"Impossible!" he cried. "Oliver will never marry you of her own free will, and I can not force her to do so."

"Yes, but beggary may!" My voice was harsh; I would not show mercy.

"You can not beggar us. I acknowledge that all you have said regarding the birth of the child and the marriage of the parents to be true; but that truth, even if published to the world, would not ruin either Oliver or myself."

His earnest manner staggered me. It was plain that my cards were not so good as I had thought. But, how could he escape me?

"This girl, Salome, is the heiress to all your father's fortune!" I cried.

"No, she is not," he said, quietly, "for my father, Anson Livingstone, made a will."

"A will!" I exclaimed, for I well knew that no such document ever had seen the light of a Probate Court.

"Yes, here is a draft of it, in my father's own handwriting." He took a paper from his pocket and handed it to me. I opened it. As he had said, it was in the handwriting of Anson Livingstone. I read it through carefully. One item of it alone concerned me. To his two children, Richard and Oliver, he left twenty-five thousand dollars apiece; the bulk of his property went to—but of that anon.

"You see," he said, "you can not ruin us. I found this draft among my father's papers after his death. The will itself is deposited in the hands of a certain party, who will produce it when it is required by me. Now, you see how I stand. Make public the proofs you have obtained, you take from Oliver and myself fifty thousand dollars, but we shall still have fifty thousand left; for then I shall at once make the will public. Besides, before I produce the will, I shall of course fight your proofs; you may have the right, but I have the money—and 'greenbacks' are a very powerful argument in some of our New York courts."

I saw he had beaten me. My weak point was that I hadn't the girl yet, and I might not be able to find her. I resolved to compromise for the present. I knew very well the influence of money upon some of our "upright judges."

"What will you give me for these papers?"

"I must first see them," he said.

"All right; come to my house, No. 42 Baxter street, to-night, and I'll show them to you. You won't have any difficulty to find my room, because there's only two in the building and I occupy both."

He took down the direction.

"Very well," he said, "I will come about nine."

I rose and left the house. Once outside I laughed in my sleeve. Cunning as Livingstone was, I had tricked him, for I had no more the marriage-certificate and record of baptism than he had. It was a ruse on my part, and it had succeeded. I saw that those articles did exist, and he knew it, though I didn't, but had only made a shrewd guess. To-night then we would have another interview—another encounter of wits—not this time, though, in his brown-stone palace on Fifth avenue, but in his house, the Old Rookery in Baxter street, right in the heart of the "bloody Sixth Ward."

CHAPTER II.

THE ORANGE GIRL.

Five o'clock found me located in my little apartments in Baxter street. The building in which they were situated was a small wooden house, built probably sixty years at least before the time at which I write. The first floor had been used as a sort of half grocery, half liquor store, but that was now closed. Two small rooms over the store completed the house. Access to the rooms was had by a tumble-down sort of staircase at the side of the building.

The rent of the room being but a trifle, suited my humble means; and then, too, I had a companion—a man of Irish descent, by name Pat MacCarthy, by profession a lawyer; one of the class popularly termed "Tombs shysters."

Pat had befriended me, at a time, too,



when friends were scarce. He was a large-hearted fellow—a man of but little education, but with a deal of natural shrewdness.

Our apartments were not luxuriantly furnished. The outer room contained a little table, two chairs and a small stove; the inner one, a cot-bedstead, a single chair, a wash-stand—the drawer of which answered as a safe for the keeping of our papers—a tin wash-basin and a small tin pail; two battered tin cups and a large white pitcher completed our furniture and household utensils.

Pat sat opposite to me, smoking a short black pipe. In person he was a little fellow, with keen gray eyes, a short turn-up nose, and coarse black hair, which stuck out from his head like bristles.

I needed Pat's aid, so I related to him the particulars of my interview with Livingstone.

"Whist!" said he, in the full rich brogue peculiar to the South-of-Ireland men; "ye want a marriage-certificate an' a record of baptism. The first wan is aisy, but the second, 'twould bother the devil, begorra!"

"How so?" I asked.

"Sorra a wan o' me knows what a record of baptism is."

"Well, Pat," I said, "I don't know exactly in what form it should be drawn out, myself. Stay, though!" I cried, as a sudden thought flashed upon me; "a simple statement by the minister who officiated at the ceremony will be sufficient."

"It's a big head ye have on yer shoulders!" exclaimed Pat, in admiration. "By the piper that played before Moses, if I had education like yoo've got, barrin' the likin' ye have for whisky, I wouldn't call a queen my uncle."

"That will do very well for the record of baptism; but the marriage-certificate?" I asked.

"Aisy enough. I've got wan of a cousin of mine, now dead an' gone—rest her soul in peace! It's ould an' worn. I'll take out the names an' the date wid acid, an' put in the wans ye want. Isn't it a beautiful idea? Begorra! I've the makin' of a judge in me, if I wasn't such an honest man!"

"That will do excellently," I said. "Here are the names of the minister who performed the ceremony, and the parties married; also the other particulars." I handed him the paper which was the result of my expedition to Buffalo and Little Falls. "The next thing is to find the girl. She's about twenty-three years of age now; and a year ago she was living with a cousin of George Wilson, of Little Falls—the man in whose family she was brought up—at No. 178 Eldridge street. To-morrow I'll see if I can find her; and if I am successful, I'll start off for Buffalo again and hunt the minister up."

"It's a big brain ye have, Mr. Alex. By the powers! ye'll worry Mr. Livingstone afore ye git through wid him."

"I'll try to, Pat. Now, mind, the paper for the record of baptism must be 'doctored' to give it the appearance of age."

"Aisy now!" cried Pat, with a cunning wink. "Leave it to me. I'll fix it so his own grandmother would take her oath on a stack of Bibles that she wrote it herself, by reason of the oldness of the paper."

A timid knock sounded on the door.

"Come in!" I said.

The door opened, and a young girl, with a basket of oranges and apples on her arm, entered the room. She was a pretty little thing, possibly sixteen or seventeen years old, with a peculiar blue eye—the shade of that color that a poet would call steel-blue; her hair, which was almost hidden from view by a hood, was of that strange hue, not yellow nor yet golden, but a shade between both. She was dressed very poorly but neatly.

Nell, the Orange Girl—as she was aptly termed—was well known by all the Tombs lawyers, as it was in the vicinity of that gloomy pile that she followed her avocation and gained her daily bread.

Nell was a strange girl, not forward and bold, like nearly all her class, but retiring and timid. There was a modesty and gentleness about her seldom to be seen in those reared to the street life of the modern Sodom, New York city.

I had taken quite a fancy to Nell and she to me; that was because one day I defended her from the advances of a drunken "rough," who had an idea that she was to be insulted with impunity. A well-directed blow between the eyes, which knocked him into the muddy gutter, convinced him of his mistake. From that moment Nell looked upon me in the light of a protector.

"Ah! Nell, darlint! is it there ye are?" cried Pat, who by his merry, joking way, had also made himself a favorite with the Orange Girl. "Will ye trust me for an orange?"

"Why, Mr. MacCarthy, you owe me fifty cents already," replied the girl, in a low, sweet voice—one of those peculiar voices which can only be compared to music.

"The devil I do!" returned Pat, in a tone of comic despair. "Fifty cents! Oh, murther! an' can't you credit me more than that? Is not the word an' bond of Patrick MacCarthy, Esquire, worth more dan fifty cents?"

Nell laughed, and for reply took one of the largest oranges out of her basket and held it out to the lawyer.

"An' is it for me?" said Pat, in astonishment.

"Yes," the girl replied.

"Do ye mind this, Alex? See what it is to be a man possessed of credit!" Pat rose in a pompous way, and bowing in an extravagant manner, took the orange.

"Whist!" cried he, suddenly; "shall I give ye my note of hand for the debt? Maybe it might be of use to you; sorra use is it to me!" and he laughed heartily at his own joke.

"No, thank you, Mr. MacCarthy," said Nell, smiling. "I'll trust to your honor."

"An' divil a better security could ye have, than the word of an Irish gentleman, an' that's myself!" Pat drew himself up proudly, as though the blood of all the ancient kings of Ireland flowed in his veins.

"By the way, Pat, you had better get to work on those papers. He'll be here at nine, and it's beginning to get dark now," I said.

Pat gave a low whistle, looked at me and then at Nell, and winked significantly.

"All right; I'll git out. A wink's as good as a nod to a blind horse. Oh! ye divil ye! Nell, kape yer eye on him; he's a divil!" and with this advice and another series of winks, Pat went into the other room.

I laughed and glanced at Nell; she was blushing as red as a rose, and I mentally said to myself, what a pretty girl she is.

"You mustn't mind Mr. MacCarthy's nonsense, Nell," I said.

"Oh, I don't, sir!" she replied, recovering a little from her confusion. "I know he is good-hearted and don't mean evil by what he says. Won't you have an orange, Mr. Gordon?"

"No, thank you, Nell. The fact is, I've no money now to pay for it."

"Oh, that don't make any difference. Won't you let me give you one?" she answered, quickly. "Remember that you have been very kind to me, and I do so want to show my gratitude in some way."

"Oh, nonsense! Forget that little service; it isn't worth talking about. Now, if I were like Mr. MacCarthy, I shouldn't have the least hesitation about running in debt. I might, though, adopt the suggestion he made the other day and pay you—in kisses."

"Why, Mr. Gordon!" and again she blushed up to her temples; but, strange to say, she did not seem to be annoyed at the idea, as she had been two or three days previous, when Pat had advanced it.

"Don't be alarmed, Nell; I shouldn't try that mode of squaring accounts unless I were sure that you were willing. And, I've no doubt that you prefer ready money; it's much more valuable."

"Do you think so, Mr. Gordon?" This was a strange question, and there was a strange tone in her voice as she spoke.

"Certainly," I answered; "can you compare kisses to money, for a single moment?"

"Why not?" and her voice was deep and earnest. "I should think that sometimes, a single kiss would be of more value to a girl's heart than all the money in the world." These words coming in such an earnest way from her lips surprised me.

"I do not quite understand you," and as I spoke, I looked full into her eyes—those dark-blue eyes, now so mild in their soft beauty, but which, if enraged, I should fancy would flash forth like a lambent flame, scorching in its fire. Strange, too, somewhere before had I seen eyes like hers, but when or where I could not remember. I searched my memory over; the effort was useless; but, as I gazed upon her face, I saw that, not only were the eyes familiar to me, but other features also, and yet I could not tell whom the face resembled.

"Do you not?" she said, in reply to my words. "Suppose, now, that a poor girl loved a gentleman—a man poor too, perhaps, but still by birth and education a gentleman. Suppose that, in time, he came to love her: would not the first kiss that his lips pressed upon hers—the kiss that told her that she was loved—be worth more to her than all the money in the world?"

"Yes," I replied. "In such a case, I do not doubt that it would." Strange were her words, strange was her manner. Could it be possible that this poor Orange Girl loved some one? and that some one far above her in social station? It might be so. Mysterious are the workings of the human heart. Love can not be ruled; it springeth up alike in the heart of the prince or the peasant.

"Nell, tell me about your life," I spoke, impelled by a sudden curiosity.

"Do you really want to know?" She asked the question with an eagerness that I could not understand.

"Of course I do, or I should not have asked you. I really feel interested. It's a terrible life for a young girl like you to lead. You must be exposed to a great many insults, to a great many dangers."

"Yes, I am," she answered, simply and earnestly; "and from one of the dangers you saved me."

"Now, Nell, don't say any more about that, if you love me!" I spoke in a careless, joking tone, but my words had a strange effect upon the girl, for again her face was flooded with the warm blood, and a peculiar gleam appeared in the steel-blue eyes.

"Now, don't blush so, Nell, I was only joking," I continued; "but, sit down and tell me the story of your life."

She complied with my wish.

"I can not tell you all my life," she said, "because I promised my mother, on her deathbed, that I would never tell all except to two persons—one my husband, the other an old friend of my father's."

"A strange request," I said, wondering.

"It was her dying wish."

"Did she die here in New York?"

"No, she died in the little country village, where I was born."

"And that was—"

"You forget," she said, with a sweet smile; "I can not tell you all."

"Your mother did not come with you then to New York?"

"No, my mother died ten years ago, and immediately after her death I came to New York with a relation—a cousin of my mother. She was employed in a tailor shop on Fulton street. I learned her trade but did not follow it long, for my health suffered by the constant confinement, so I resolved to turn Orange Girl and gain my bread that way."

"A brave resolve," I exclaimed.

"Do you think so?" she said, looking at me with inquiring eyes.

"Yes, I do indeed. Few girls would have the courage to attempt it."

"But I did. I said to myself, I can but try. I did try and I succeeded. At first it was very hard, for I was timid and almost afraid to ask any one to buy; but then, as I kept on, day by day I grew bolder and did better. Of course there were a great many persons—I can't call them gentlemen—who said rude things to me. I never answered, but I looked at them in such a way that they never dared to say them twice to me!"

Her eyes flashed, and her pouting little red lips, rich and luscious in their dewy fullness, curled in superb scorn as she spoke.

Poor child! hardened man of the world as I was—profligate and drunkard as I had been, still my heart bled for her. Mentally I compared her fortune with that of the proud and haughty Olive Livingstone. The one reared in the midst of wealth and luxury, not a caprice ungratified, born to wealth; the other, born to—what? My reflections had led me too far. How could I say what she was born to? I could only say what she was; fate plays strange antics sometimes in this world; and from the mystery that surrounded the Orange Girl, one might safely think that she, too, was born to occupy a far higher station than that she now filled. Her language was ample evidence that her early education had not been neglected.

"Nell," I said, "do you know that I have a high opinion of you?"

"Have you?" The words came quick from her lips; and a joyful light beamed in her eyes.

"Yes, I have indeed."

"Do you know, Mr. Gordon, that I value your opinion more than I do that of any one else in the whole wide world?" She meant what she said; her eyes showed that, and the eyes seldom deceive. I was pleased, of course. I was beginning to take a strong interest in the little blue-eyed girl, who, with such innocence, confessed her liking for me.

"I am glad to hear you say that, Nell, for at present you are probably the only woman in the world who thinks of me."

"The only one?" she said, with a look of wonder.

"Yes, the only one. Perhaps, though, I have only my own folly to thank for it."

"But, don't think about it, Mr. Gordon!" she cried, quickly, "for it makes you look so melancholy, and when you look sad, you don't look near as well as you do when you smile. But, you haven't said whether you will accept my orange or not?" And then she held one of the oranges out to me, with a bright, quick look and a little pert toss of her fair, shapely head that reminded me at once of a canary bird.

"But, I tell you, Nell, I can't pay for it!" I said, laughing almost in spite of myself at the arch look of those gleaming blue eyes.

"Why, yes you can; besides, I said that if you couldn't, I would make you a present of it."

"But, I would rather pay for it."

"Oh, Mr. Gordon," she cried, rising and shaking her finger archly at me, "then you are too proud to accept a present from the poor Orange Girl?"

"No! no! I am not!" I exclaimed, hastily.

"Well, then, I'm too proud to ask you to accept a present from me," she said, with mock gravity, putting her lips close together in a vain endeavor to look serious, an endeavor that was defeated by the laughing eyes.

"But, Nell!" I cried, in remonstrance, rising and approaching her.

"Yes, I am, indeed; but you shall have the orange, and you shall pay for it, too!"

She handed it to me and I took it.

"But, as I said, I haven't any money; will you trust?"

"No!" came from the tightly-shut lips—the lips that looked so dignified while the eyes laughed.

"Then, how can I pay you?" I advanced a step and stood by her side. Her eyes looked full into mine.

"Mr. MacCarthy thought of a way. What I would not accept from him, perhaps I would from you."

A burning blush spread over her face.

I was not blind, and the light that shone from her eyes gave me both courage and consent. The full, red lips, not now compressed, but parting like a half-blown rosebud, showing the white, pearl-like teeth, were upraised to mine. A moment I held her in my arms, our lips met in a long-lingering kiss—a kiss such as my life ne'er before had known—and then, light as a bird, with a joyful smile upon her face, she stole softly and gently from my arms and was gone.

For a moment I stood motionless; then the thought of what she had but a little while before said—of the kiss that was worth more than money—flashed upon me. Her words were true. No gold in the world could have bought from me the kiss I had just received. I confessed to myself that I felt a deep interest in the girl who had just left me—an interest that I could not well explain.

It was rapidly growing dark. I lit a candle and placed it upon the little table. In a few hours Richard Livingstone would come for the proofs. Suddenly a thought flashed into my brain. Nell, the Orange Girl, was like enough to Richard Livingstone to be his sister! This was the resemblance that at first I could not trace. It was remarkable, to say the least.

I looked out of the window; it threatened to be a dark night. I shuddered. A dark night in a great city conceals many a scarlet crime.

(To be Continued.)

The Heart of Fire!

This superb and effective romance ends with the coming issue. It has been a great, a gratifying success, adding materially to the actor-author's already high reputation. It is not unlikely that it will find its way to the stage, for which it is admirably fitted. Mr. Aiken's "Ace of Spades"—dramatized from our columns, has proven immensely popular and effective under the author's own personation, who is now "starring it" through the New England States. The exclusive right to dramatization of these works rests with their author, Mr. Albert W. Aiken, who should not be confounded with others of the same family name who are now upon the stage.

Mr. Aiken, we have the pleasure of adding, is now engaged upon a new romance for these columns, which promises to create even more *furore* than any of his previous works. It is a romance of "True Society"—such society as infests our watering-places, and renders Saratoga a grand social show with a hideous face "behind the scenes." Expect much!

RED ARROW.

The Wolf Demon: OR, THE QUEEN OF THE KANAWHA.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "ACE OF SPADES," "SCARLET HAND."

CHAPTER XIX.

A STRANGE APPEARANCE.

"DURN the critter! he's right in the way!" muttered the old hunter, as his eyes fell upon the figure of the savage, sitting in the pathway leading to the river.

Just then, too, the moon shone out bright and clear.

The position of Boone was one of danger. Although the shelving bank hid him from the view of any one that might be on the level plain above, yet he was in full view of the savage in the horse-path, if that worthy chose to turn his head and look in his direction.

"What in thunder was the use of that terrible critter—whatever he was—a-gettin' me out of the wigwam, if I'm goin' to be captivated ag'in, right on the jump?"

Boone did not dare to move lest the noise might reach the ears of the Indian.

"If the moon would only go under a cloud ag'in, I might be able to skulk round him; but then, the chances are ten to one that some one of the Indians in the village would see me. This is a pesky fix now, for sure."

Boone was in a quandary. To advance was clearly out of the question. To remain where he was would be sure to lead to his discovery and recapture, for the Indian might turn his head at any moment. There was but one course open to him.

"I must take the back track and try to get into the thicket on the upper side of the village. That will be difficult, 'cos the lodges above are nigh the river, and the Indians may disfigure me a-creepin' along under the bank. It's got to be did, though."

Just as the hunter came to the conclusion to try the desperate chance for escape that was yet open to him, a great black cloud came sailing over the face of the moon.

The silver rays hid by the cloud, darkness again veiled the earth.

Boone could just distinguish the figure of the Indian before him, and that was all.

"By hokey!" muttered the scout, in doubt, "I ought to be able to skulk round that red heathen in this hyar darkness, if it will only last!"

And then the old hunter looked searchingly at the heavens above him.

The cloud was passing slowly along the dark-blue vault above. In its track came another cloud, fully as large and as black as the first.

"I kin do it!" muttered Boone, decidedly. "I know I kin do it! I kin

get past that critter afore the moon shines out ag'in. I'll risk it, anyway. It will be a narrow shave, but a miss is as good as a mile. So here goes."

Slowly and cautiously, on his hands and knees, the daring woodman crept forward.

He gained the level of the bank, and in his course commenced to describe a semicircle that would carry him wide of the squatting chief and yet bring him to the bank of the Scioto again.

Many an anxious glance the fugitive scout cast upward to the sky as he proceeded on his way.

The cloud was still over the moon, but it was rapidly growing less and less dense, and the silver rays were beginning to struggle feebly through it.

"By jingo!" muttered Boone, in dismay, although he still kept steadily on in his stealthy way, "that confounded moon will be out, 'most as clear as daylight, in a minute. I shall be in a worse fix than I was under the bank. I shall have to lie still and hug the yearth. Then s'pose that heathen takes it into his head to return to the center of the village, or any of the other red devils comes to the river's bank for water? They'll disfigure me, sure. Well, now, I am in a scrape!"

By this time the hunter had completed about half of the semicircle, and was some hundred paces from the Indian. A straight line drawn from the chief to the center of the village would have touched Boone.

Suddenly, almost without warning, the cloud parted and the moonbeams shone brightly over the earth.

Boone crouched to the ground, lying flat upon his face. The back of the savage was toward him, so that, unless the Indian turned around, he was in no danger of being discovered for the present.

The breath of the scout came quick and hard.

Anxiously he looked up to the sky. The remainder of the cloud had broken into fragments, and these, in passing over the face of the "mistress of the night," though somewhat dimming the luster of her smile, yet did not hide the light from the earth.

The second black cloud seemed, also, likely to break into pieces like the first, thus destroying the hope that Boone had of escaping from his present dangerous position when its mantle should hide the rays of the moon.

"Oh, 'tarnal death!" groaned Boone: "to come so far, and now to be stopped! If I could only get near enough to give that pesky critter a clean dig—but what am I talking about? I ain't got any we'pon. The 'tarnal heathens took good care of 'em for me. If this ain't a fix, then I never was in one."

Boone looked upward to the heavens, but there could not see any thing that seemed to favor his escape. Then his glance wandered restlessly over the earth around him. He looked to the Indian village; he could just distinguish the forms of the warriors as they passed to and fro in the circle of light thrown out by the blazing fires. Then he looked to the river, and there sat the brawny Shawnee chief!

"Jerusalem! what's that?" muttered Boone. His eyes wandering to the river caught sight of a dark mass extended on the prairie, a few paces from where the savage sat. The dark object was a little in the rear of the savage, and of course was not in the range of his vision.

Boone was astonished.

"I'll swar!" he muttered, "that air heap of something wasn't thar when I looked afore."

Boone bent a searching gaze upon it. The eyes of the scout, trained from infancy to the life of the woods, were as keen as the eyes of a hawk, yet he could make little of the dark object that broke the level of the plain.

"It looks like a buffler-skin," he said, after a long and careful examination, "but the Indians wouldn't leave a hide lying round loose like that; 'sides, I'm sure that it wasn't thar when I looked a moment ago. 'Tain't likely that it could have been thar and me not notice it."

Then, to the utter astonishment of Boone, the dark object moved. Little by little it seemed to creep nearer and nearer to the savage who sat so still in silent meditation.

The hunter rubbed his eyes; he could hardly believe that he had seen aright. But a second look convinced him that his eyes had not deceived him. The dark object that looked so much like the skin of a buffalo had moved a dozen paces or more toward the Shawnee chief.

A horrible suspicion seized upon Boone. For the first time he guessed what the dark form was, and had a suspicion regarding the silent stranger who had freed him from the bonds that bound him in the Indian lodge.

Cold drops of perspiration stood upon the bronzed brow of the old Indian-fighter.

"Jerusalem! to think that *thing* has had its paws on me," he muttered. "I ain't afraid of any human that walks the yearth, but this—well, it's proved a good spirit to me, if it's a bad one to the red heathen."

Slowly the dark form drew near to the savage. Unconscious of danger, the chief sat silent and motionless as a statue.

The Shawnee brave knew not that the dark angel was nigh—that the dread scourge of his nation was about to add

him, another victim, to the long list of those who had fallen as his prey.

"If my guess is right, that'll be a dead Injun round here in about two minutes."

Like one fascinated, Boone gazed upon the scene before him with staring eyes.

The dark form had crept quite close to the savage. It was now hardly a dozen paces from the chief.

A portion of the fleeting cloud passed over the moon; for a single moment the silver light was veiled, and the mantle of darkness cast over the earth.

Hardly had the gloom settled upon the plain, hiding the form of the Indian and the dark, mysterious object that had approached him so stealthily, from the gaze of the scout, when a dull sound, like an ax cutting into a rotten tree, came from the direction of the river; it was followed by a low moan of pain.

Boone shivered when the noise fell upon his ears. He guessed only too well what had transpired.

No other sound broke the stillness of the night.

The moon came forth again in its splendor. Again the silver light flooded the prairie and made the night like unto the day.

Boone, with horror-stricken eyes, looked toward the river.

The Indian chief had disappeared.

Only a dark mass, motionless on the prairie, met the eyes of the hunter.

Earnestly Boone swept his eyes along the horizon. No form was in sight—bird, beast or human.

The scout felt his blood congeal within his veins with horror.

"I can't stand this," he muttered, nervously; "I must see what's been goin' on. If I ain't wrong, my way to the wood is clear now."

Then Boone cast a rapid glance behind him in the direction of the village. He saw nothing there to alarm him.

"Here goes," he muttered.

Slowly and cautiously the old hunter crept near to the dark form lying so still upon the prairie.

Some dozen paces from the shapeless mass the hunter paused.

"By jingo!" he muttered, "I'm almost afraid to look at it, yet I've seen death a hundred times, but I never seen a human killed by a demon before."

Then again the hunter went on.

The rays of the moon were shining down full upon the earth as Boone crept to the side of the silent form that paid no heed to his approach.

The sight that met the wondering eyes of the scout was strange indeed.

On the prairie, extended on his back, lay a stalwart Shawnee chief.

His head was smoothly shaven, except where the eagle-plumes twined in the scalp-lock.

The blood was gushing freely from a terrible wound in his head.

An awful gash, the work of a muscular arm and a keen-edged tomahawk, told of the manner of his death.

And on the naked breast of the savage were three lines of blood.

The Red Arrow blazed there.

The Wolf Demon had marked his victim!

CHAPTER XX. VIRGINIA'S GUIDE.

FRUITLESS was the eager search of Muddock and Bob after traces of the lost girl. Giving it up at last as hopeless, the two returned to Point Pleasant.

Alarmed at the long absence of his daughter and the young stranger, the old General, with several of the best woodmen of the station, had earnestly searched for her.

The party had penetrated into the ravine where Virginia had been captured and the young man wounded.

The keen eyes of the woodmen quickly detected the marks of blood upon the rocks where the stranger had fallen; then they discovered the footprints of the attacking party. These they followed till they led into the broad trail by the river. There the scouts halted, baffled.

"It's no use, General," said Jake Jackson, who led the scouts, shaking his head sagely. "The trail ends hyer. That's too many gone along this path for us to pick out our men."

"What is your opinion of the affair?" asked Treveling, anxiously.

"Well, it's just hyer," said Jackson, slowly. "Your darter and the young feller were in the ravine. They were attacked by the three that we've been tracking. One on 'em wounded—probably the young feller—and then both on 'em carried away by the ones that attacked 'em, 'cos that's no marks of their footsteps."

"Think you that the attacking party were Indians?" asked Treveling.

"Nary Injun!" responded Jackson, tersely. "They're white as I am."

"What could be the motive for such a daring outrage?" said the old General, whose heart was sorely tried by the loss of his daughter.

"It's hard to say, General," said Jackson, dubiously, "unless you've got some enemies, and this is the way that they are taking their revenge."

"I can not understand it," Treveling spoke, sorrowfully, and his brow was heavy with grief. "If my Virginia is lost, it is the second blow of the kind that has fallen upon me."

"The second?" said Jackson, in wonder.

"Yes; my eldest daughter, Augusta, was stolen from me years ago. She wandered forth beyond the borders of the settlement, one bright summer's afternoon, and never returned. Whether she was eaten up by the wild beasts that roamed the forest, or fell beneath the tomahawks of the hostile Indians, I never was able to discover. And now my second daughter, all that I have left to me in this world, is gone. My lot is hard to bear, indeed."

The old man bent his head in agony. The rough woodmen looked upon him with pity. Fathers themselves, they knew how bitter were the feelings of the old man.

"Well, General, I don't know what to do about this matter," said Jackson, thoughtfully. "I s'pose there's nothin' to be done just at present but to return to the station, and then get up a party to search the country around thoroughly. It's bad that it happened just at this time, too, 'cos we've got an Injun war on our hands, and we ain't got any too many men to fight the red devils; but I guess we kin spare a few to help you out of this difficulty. I'll go for one."

"And I," said another of the woodmen.

"And I, and I!" chimed in the rest of the little party.

And so it was settled that first they should return to the station, make there all needful preparations, and then set out in search of the girl.

Silently and sorrowfully they took the trail leading to Point Pleasant.

To return to Virginia.

Quietly she remained in the little log-cabin, waiting the return of the stranger who had rescued her from the terrible peril that she had been placed in.

Virginia had little idea that she had escaped one danger only to encounter another more terrible still.

Innocent and unsuspecting, she readily believed the words of the stranger.

So patiently she waited in the lonely cabin for his return to conduct her to Point Pleasant, and restore her once more to the arms of her father.

One sad recollection was in Virginia's memory—the untimely death of the young stranger to whom she had freely given all the best love of her girlish heart.

Sorrowfully she mourned for his death, as the memory of his handsome face and frank, honest bearing came back to her. He was the first and only man that she had ever loved.

"Oh, my fate seems bitter indeed!" she murmured. "Why did Providence ever bring us together and implant the germs of love in our hearts, if it was fated that we should be torn apart thus rudely? I thought that we should be so happy together. I looked forward to a bright and blissful future. But now the past is full of dreadful memories, and the future does not show one single ray of sunlight to brighten up the darkness of my life."

If Virginia's thoughts were so dark and gloomy now, with the prospect of being restored to her home and friends before her, what would they have been had she known the truth? Had she guessed that she was in the power of a man more terrible and merciless in his nature than any red savage that roamed the wild woods?

It is, perhaps, a mercy sometimes that we can not guess the future.

Virginia had been in the lonely cabin some five hours, wrapped in these gloomy thoughts. Then the man who had called himself Benton stood again upon the edge of the clearing.

"So far, so good," he muttered to himself, in joy, a smile lighting up his dark face as he spoke. "Now to take the bird from this cage and place it in one more secure; and then, that task done, to visit my foe, let him know the vengeance that has already fallen upon his head, and the more terrible vengeance that is still to come. It has taken years to ripen it, but the fruit will be bitter indeed."

Then he crossed the little clearing and entered the cabin.

Virginia started up with joy as she saw who it was.

To her the dark-browed stranger was as a guardian angel—one destined to protect and save her from the terrible danger that menaced her.

"You have seen my father?" she cried, anxiously.

"Yes."

"And he is coming to save me?"

"No."

"Not coming?" and Virginia looked the surprise she felt.

"No; your father is quite sick, and unable to leave the station."

"My father ill?"

"Yes; the fearful anxiety that your unexplained absence caused him came near resulting fatally; luckily, my timely arrival with the news of your safety gave him hope, and enabled him to fight against the illness that threatened his life."

"Oh, my poor father!" murmured Virginia, sadly.

"Do not be alarmed. The danger is over now," Benton said. "I shall soon restore you to his arms, and your presence will do him more good than all the medicine in the world."

"Then you will take me to him soon?"

"Yes, almost immediately."

"Are my friends near at hand?" asked Virginia, looking anxiously toward the

door as she spoke, as though she expected to see the stalwart form of Jackson, or some other friend of her father, filling the doorway.

"No."

"Will they be here soon, then?"

"Your father did not think that it was wise to send a small party after you, and could not send a large one, as the settlement is in danger of being attacked by the Indians at any moment; so it was decided that it was best for me to return alone and conduct you to Point Pleasant. The danger of two being discovered by the savages is less than that attending a larger party. And if the Indians should discover us, no party that could be spared from the settlement in this hour of peril would be sufficient to withstand their attack."

This appeared reasonable enough to Virginia.

"I am ready at any moment," she said.

"We will set out at once, then," Benton replied, moving to the door as he spoke.

"The sooner the better," Virginia cried, earnestly. "I wish that I could fly like a bird to the side of my dear father."

"We are not far from the station; it will only be a few hours' travel through the wood. A party from the settlement will meet us at a place fixed upon by your father and myself. If we can only reach that spot without being discovered by the lurking savages, all will be well."

"Let us hasten at once," said Virginia, in a fever of impatience.

The blows of misfortune were falling thick and heavy upon her head. First, her lover struck down lifeless at her feet; then, her capture by the hostile red-skins; and now, the dangerous illness of her only parent.

"Tread cautiously and lightly," said Benton, in warning, as they passed through the door of the cabin. "We can not tell which bush or tree may conceal a lurking Indian. The very leaves of grass beneath our feet may hide a foe."

"Oh, I will be very careful!" said Virginia, earnestly.

Then the two set out on the dangerous journey.

Silently on through the wood they went.

After proceeding for a short time, Virginia began to wonder at the manner in which the stranger led the way. A girl reared on the border, she was somewhat familiar with border ways.

What astonished her was, that the man who was guiding her was proceeding straight onward, apparently without caution, and as if he had no fears of stumbling without warning upon any red foes.

Virginia's thought, however, was that he knew the path so well, and had passed over it so recently, that he did not apprehend danger.

Soon they came to a place where the bank stooped down to meet the river. They had followed the Kanawha in their course.

From the thicket that fringed the stream, the guide drew a "dug-out," and by its aid the two crossed the river. On the opposite bank, Benton again concealed the "dug-out" in the bushes.

And then again they proceeded on their way, following the broad trail that led to Point Pleasant.

But in a half-mile or so, Benton left the trail and struck into the woods to the right of the path.

Virginia followed in wonder, for she knew well that they had left the direct road to Point Pleasant and were going away from instead of approaching the station.

CHAPTER XXI. IN THE TOILS.

ALTHOUGH wondering at the path that the stranger was pursuing, yet Virginia followed him for a short time in silence.

Deeper and deeper into the thicket went the stranger.

Virginia began to fear that he had mistaken the way. She resolved to speak.

"Have you not made a mistake in the path?" she asked.

"No," he replied, halting.

"But this is not the road leading to the settlement. We should follow the trail running parallel with the river—the trail we just left."

"Yes, I know that that is the direct road," he answered; "but, we are obliged to make a wide detour here to escape the Shawnees. There is a large body of them ambushed by the trail a short distance below here. We are to make a circle to avoid them, and will come upon the trail again in due time. Do not fear; I will guide you safely. I know these wilds well. There's not a foot of ground between here and the Ohio that is not as familiar to me as my own hand. It is many years though since I have traversed these woods, but I've a good memory and am not likely to go astray."

"I feared that you might have made a mistake in the path, therefore I spoke," said Virginia, perfectly satisfied with the stranger's reasons.

On went the stranger again, and although he had imposed caution on the girl, he did not seem to use much himself, for he went straight onward as before without seeming to fear danger.

For a short time only did the guide continue in a straight path, for soon he commenced a zigzag course; first to the right, then to the left, then apparently he

retraced the very path that they had come; then turned abruptly to the right again, went on a little way, then bent his course to the left.

Virginia was puzzled; she had been able before to tell the way in which they had been proceeding; but now, after all this turning and twisting, her brain was bewildered, and she could not guess whether she was going straight to Point Pleasant or in the opposite direction.

If the design of Benton had been to bother the girl by the abrupt turns he had made, and to confuse her as to the direction in which they were bending their steps, he had succeeded admirably.

Virginia followed without a word. She was fully trusting the man who was guiding her.

"We will soon be at the meeting-place appointed," said Benton, after an hour's weary tramp through the almost trackless wilderness.

"I am so glad," replied the girl, "for I am getting sadly tired."

"You will have rest enough, soon," said Benton. And it was well that Virginia did not see the dark smile that shone on his features and lit up his evil eyes.

A few steps further on and the two came to a little glade in the forest.

"This is the place," said Benton, stopping in the center of the glade.

Virginia looked around.

The dense forest surrounded them.

No sound broke the stillness of the virgin wood.

The quiet of the grave reigned within the forest glade.

"I do not see any one," said Virginia; and, despite herself, a feeling of apprehension stole over her.

The quiet of the forest seemed ominous of evil.

"They are near at hand," said Benton, with a peculiar smile.

For the first time, Virginia saw the evil look in his face. His words, though apparently harmless, filled her with terror.

"Where are they?" she asked, a heavy weight upon her heart as she spoke.

"Shall I call them?" Benton questioned, surveying the girl with an air of triumph.

"Yes," Virginia said, slowly.

With a mocking smile, Benton turned to where a dense clump of bushes—an outpost of the thicket—had planted itself upon the margin of the glade.

Virginia watched him with earnest eyes. A dim presentiment of danger filled her soul.

Danger! yet what that danger was, she could not guess.

Two words came from the lips of the man who had acted as Virginia's guide.

Two words that struck a chill of horror to the heart of the girl.

Yet the meaning of those two words she could not understand.

The two words were spoken in the Shawnee tongue.

Then forth from the thicket, in obedience to the summons, came two dark and stalwart forms.

Life was in the forest, despite the gloom and silence!

One single glance Virginia gave, and then, with a cry of mournful agony, she fell senseless to the ground.

The shock was too great to bear, and loss of consciousness came like an earnest friend to drive away the terror that was chilling the heart of the hapless maid.

And now we will return to the station at Point Pleasant.

The party who had been in search of the girl had returned. They were to set forth again on the following morning, to try and discover, if it were possible, what had been the fate of the General's daughter.

Treveling himself, bowed down with agony, sought the shelter of his dwelling.

The old man's heart was heavy with woe.

The twilight had come. Treveling, busy in thought, had not noticed the coming darkness, when he was suddenly aroused from his abstraction by the abrupt entrance of a stranger.

Treveling looked at his visitor in astonishment.

The man was a stranger to him. He was a muscular fellow, habited in the usual border fashion of deer-skin.

"You are General Treveling?" the stranger asked.

"Yes," replied the old man, "that is my name."

"My name is James Benton; I am a stranger in these parts, though some years ago I resided hereabouts."

"Your face seems familiar to me," replied Treveling, with a puzzled air, "yet I can not remember to have ever known a man who bore the name you give."

"Your memory may be at fault," said the stranger, coldly.

"It is rarely so, but still it may be as you say," replied the General, who felt sure that he had seen the stranger's face before.

"You and I, General, are old acquaintances," said Benton.

"We are?"

"It is very strange then that I can not remember your name—I mean, that it does not seem familiar to me."

"A man's face is much more easily remembered than his name."

"That is very true," replied Treveling.

"At what time in the past did I ever meet you?"

"Do you remember Lewis' expedition, in Dunmore's time?"

"Yes."

"When he whipped Corn-planter at the head of the Shawnees, Mingoes and Wyandots in the battle of Point Pleasant?"

"Yes," again replied the old man; "I commanded a division under Lewis in that fight."

"No one knows that better than myself," said the stranger, with a peculiar smile; "I served under you."

"Ah, were you in the battle of Point Pleasant?"

"No."

"How was that?" asked Treveling, in astonishment; "my division was in the hottest of the fight."

"I left your command before the battle took place."

"It is strange that I do not remember of ever hearing your name before, but your face certainly is familiar. Well, sir, as an old comrade in arms, I am glad to meet you. You are welcome, sir, to make my house your home while you remain at the station. I can give you an old Virginia welcome, though I am afraid that I can not play the part of the host as well as I ought to, for I am suffering now, sir, under an affliction that has sorely tried me." And the old soldier heaved a deep sigh as he spoke.

"You refer to the loss of your daughter?"

"Yes, sir."

"It is a heavy blow."

"Ah! none but a father's heart can feel how heavy such a blow is. She was my only child, sir; the pride of my old age, and now she is taken from me. I am but an old and withered oak; the support and love that bound me to earth is gone, and I care not how soon I receive the summons that bids me appear before the Great Commander above." The tone in which the old man spoke would have touched almost any heart and made it sympathize with his sorrow. But, the heart of the dark-faced stranger only thrilled with fierce joy as he listened to the words of the old man.

"Your only child, I think you said?"

"Yes," replied Treveling, in wonder, "my only child."

"How is that? If my memory does not deceive me, in the old time, when I served under you, you had two daughters."

"Yes, you are right," replied Treveling, "but the eldest of the two, my bright-eyed Augusta, strayed into the woods one day and never came back. She was but a child then; and now the other, my Virginia, she too is gone and in the self-same manner as her sister. That is what makes the blow more terrible."

"You never discovered any traces of the first?"

"No," Treveling answered, sadly.

"And now no traces of the second?"

"You speak only the cruel truth."

"Cheer up, General; I bring you news of your second daughter!"

"You do?" cried the old man, eagerly.

"Yes; by chance I discovered something in the forest that revealed to me her fate."

"Only give me some clue by which I may find my child and I will go down on my knees and bless you, sir!" exclaimed the old soldier, excitedly.

"Put on your hat and walk with me a short distance. The moon is bright, and I will tell you all I have discovered. It is a terrible affair, and I fear to speak within walls."

Eagerly Treveling followed Benton from the house.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 35.)

STILL THEY COME.

We have a perfect *placard* of good things in store for our readers. The best writers of the country seem to vie with each other in the effort to give us the best of their pen-work. We soon shall introduce

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Can make no use of LASALLE PRISONERS. No stamps.—Will give place to FOUNTAIN'S VOICE, with some necessary revision in rhythm and expression.—Can not use SECOND BETROTHAL. The story sounds very much like something we have read. We return the MS.—Can not find place for LOVER'S PROMISE. No stamps.—Will use sketches: MURDERED BY FATE; A LIFE WRECKED; THE DEATH BELL; CURED BY WOLVES.—Will not use AMONG THE STOUT. No stamps.—MS. destroyed.—The same of ROBBERS' RETREAT.—We return INCOMPATIBILITY and WIFE'S TEMPTATION. We don't fancy that class of matter.—Can not use poems, DYING YEAR and NAPOLEON'S REQUESTS. No stamps.—Ditto, poem, TWO ANGELS.—Ditto, RUBY'S EXPERIENCE. Too much narrative for the incident it relates.—Poem, TO A SUICIDE, is unavailable. It is evident that the writer is wholly ignorant of the art of poetic construction. This poem possesses not one element of correct blank verse. There is but one course to pursue—study composition and learn what poetry is.—We return MS. by Artemus Ward, Jr. His bad spelling hardly compensates for the absence of that humor and exquisite sense of the ridiculous which characterized the real Artemus.—Can use WILLIE'S GIFT.—Shall have to say no to the MS. LITTLE JACK'S CHRISTMAS. Have all the holiday stories that can possibly be used. MS. returned.—We will retain MS. LETTERS OF BLOOD. Will send author the Journal, as requested. Will also be pleased to see the romance referred to.—MS. SWEET ANNIE, we can not use. It is much too wordy.—Will use sketches, NORAH'S SLIGHTS; ALONE WITH M. MANLY; THE PRATE'S PALACE; THE LINK OF LOVE.

HENRY J. T. writes to ask our opinion of the professions. What shall he become—Lawyer, Doctor, Minister or Professor?

MOULIE U. can not write for the press. Wait a little longer, Moulie, until you know more of books and life and the art of composition. If you have talent, like well-worked butter, it will keep—if hermetically sealed.

B. G. W. sends "The Drama," and asks to be informed of his faults. He should have sent his composition to the schoolmaster, which we are not. What is said above to Moulie will also do for B.

DITTO, DITTO, "Percie Vere." We can't, indeed, say Perse-vere, for really we discover very little that is original in the writer. MSS. returned.

Manuscripts continue to come to us underpaid in postage. In every case where we refuse to receive them they are lost to their authors, as they ought to be, if they are not worth the postage.

Foolscap Papers.

Concerning Cats.

THE gentleman who first imported cats into this country had plenty of leisure, and fulfilled his contract entirely. It is said that they are good for rats, but what is the reason for having rats?—although I would much prefer them. Cats answer well for nursery poets to weave into rhyme, but they figure better in penny books, in all the glory of boots and red paint, than they do on the hearth-rug.

I lost what little appetite I had for them long ago. I am not near so fond of them as I was. When people didn't leave young babies in baskets at our front-door at night, they left cats at the back-door, and when they were not dead ones they were live ones, from the respectable to the disreputable in the extreme. While we had only fourteen I didn't mind it, but when they got to increasing, and we had enough to start a first-class Catarrh, I lost heart, and put "Leave no cats here" all around the lot. The worst one I ever saw arrived here the other night; the gentleman who kindly brought it neglected to leave his card, and I am anxious to know who he is. It had two sore eyes—if it had had more they would have been sore, too; it was in the last stages of decline; wherever numerous dippers of hot water had fallen on it the hair and the hide were absent. Its tail was heartrending; some venomous dog had taken it off by wholesale, and it had never been retailed; it was lame in one fore and one hind leg, for sake of uniformity, and its ears had been very much earlatted, and what was left of them was no account, for it was deaf. Indeed it was lacking in every thing except hunger. I took pity on it the other night, put it into a sack, (cats are very portable property) and carried it nine squares and left it at Jones'. I think a good deal of Jones or I shouldn't have carried it so far. Then I hurried home, and kicked it off the front step as I was going in the door—for it had reached home before I did—then I took a large

rock and tied it round its neck as a buoy, and threw it in the river. I stopped and got a dish of oysters to celebrate the event, and went home with a light heart in an hour, and this time kicked that cat off the step, and against a stone wall, but without injury to either the wall or the cat. It afterward appeared that a policeman seeing me throw something into the river and thinking it was suspicious, got some grappling-hooks and fished it out. However, I took the cat out in the alley and blew its head all to pieces with a revolver; then I left it for dead and started for the house, but on looking around it was following me back. This looked desperate. I became fearfully enraged; I seized a hoe and struck it amidst, cutting it completely in two, and in a week or so it died of lingering disease.

Our present stock of cats is sixty-four, but if I had not continually kept running down to Jones' the arithmetic would be powerless to tell how many we would have now. I am nearly tired out carrying them to Jones', and I have some designs of running a nightly hack there. I rather pity him, for he goes about very downhearted, and melancholy, and is evidently pining away by degrees. He never did like cats, and I look for him to go off in a cataleptic fit some of these days when he commences to count his.

In all moral First Readers the Cat occupies a prominent place, and its initial is C, very large and imposing; and the hard-hearted boy in the picture who is playfully tossing a cat into the water is represented as ripening for the gallows, but I can't get myself down to such a belief. I wouldn't if I could, and I couldn't if I would, anyway.

For my part I rejoice at the importation of the Chinese. Let hungry millions of them crowd to our shores that I may start a butcher shop!

How sorry I do feel for Jones! But I must stop writing and take him that cat that just dropped over the fence.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

DEFINITIONS

FROM THE "LAWLESS" DICTIONARY.

ENVY.—When Miss Moneybags gets a new hat from Paris, and Miss Wantitismuch can't do the same thing, the latter sits at home all day and moans from vexation; but when she goes abroad, exclaims, "She wouldn't be seen with such a fright of a thing on her head!"

VANITY.—Women who parade the streets dressed in the extreme of the fashion, and are always stopping before the mirrors displayed in the shop windows, just to see how they look. It seems to me it would be much better were they to look into the offices of their husbands' stores and see how hard they are shaving themselves just to keep their wives respectable, and "for goodness sake, John, don't let that dowdy, Mrs. Skinflea, get the first chance of the new goods from Paris."

EELS.—Those mowmish-looking, sleeky men who worm and wriggle themselves through life, begging money for some heathen land away out, nobody knows where, and yet wouldn't wheel a bag of potatoes for a poor widow. They are always quoting Scripture, but never obeying its precepts. I always feel like trampling on such hypocrites, and I'd do it, too, if it wasn't for fear of soiling the soles of my shoes with their uncleanness.

LOVE.—A most heartrending, yet delightful complaint that causes many a sleepless night, and more provoking than the toothache, and though the cause of this singular complaint makes us pass an uneasy time, yet we wouldn't have it thrown away for all the world. Men suffering from this disease always prefer somebody else's sister to their own, but with the girls it is different, for they have a penchant for a brother—yet not of their own. A minister and not a doctor is to be called in when the patient is very ill.

AMBITION.—Stage-struck lunatics, who, because they have had the honor of carrying a spear in a procession in a stage pageant, are ambitious to be a Booth, but have neither the talent, energy nor determination to become one. Ambition is all very well when you've got the spunk to carry it through, but I've seen too many of these ambitious youths standing on the street corners and watching the girls as they go home from their work. Shakespeare was ambitious, and he was successful; but I'll bet a cent he didn't waste the precious time God gave him, or he wouldn't have left the world such a precious store of precious things as he has.

WISDOM.—The power to discern between wool and shoddy, to know how many times Miss W. has worn her figured silk, and if she imagines it's becoming to her scraggy figure, to know where on earth we are to get our fashions now. Eugene is "not at home."

LADY.—Any female, from the one who slams the door in the face of the beggar to her who deprives herself of many an article of comfort that the poor may not suffer. Gran'ma Lawless once saw a female making her children run around in thin clothes one winter, and when told she was a lady she innocently said: "La, what a pity she isn't a woman." Good criticism that.

ELOPE.—Something very pretty to read about, but rarely a successful experiment to try in real life. Don't think too well of the fellow who asks you to elope, and tells you that bread and cheese and kisses will

be enough to live on. The first two require money to buy, and there isn't a great deal of nourishment in the latter. If you want to get married, do so in the regular way. That's what I intend to do.

SHAM SHOWS.—Female orators who have the good of their fellow sisters at heart so much that they can not be so cruel as to decline calls to lecture in their behalf at some hundred dollars a night and kindly pocket the receipts themselves. Ladies whose charms no longer please the theatergoers turn around and leave it for the platform, and write books, in which they seek to reform the stage. If such are not sham shows, what are? Who's hit?

Perhaps you notice these definitions are acrostics and spell the name of one whom you have no doubt heard of. "For further particulars see small bills."

EVE LAWLESS.

SLANG.

AMERICA is fast becoming a by-word among nations from its predilection for slang. It is a national vice. It dwells not only in streets and public places, but even in the parlor and drawing-room, and defiles the lips of not only the low and uncultivated, but the educated and refined also. So widely spread is it, and in such common use, that to remain free from it is next to impossible. Not only do men—who are supposed to have the moral right to use words which would be unpardonable in a woman—talk slang, but women, all over the land, do it, and frequently without realizing it.

The newspaper, that great educator, has "slang" in nearly every column. What wonder, then, that the evil finds its way into every household where the newspaper goes? Fashion articles in prominent journals inform me that such a style of hat is "jolly," that the latest thing in saques is "stunning," mentions some bonnet as the "darlingest thing," and tells us that a certain lady is "everlastingly" fond of horses. However much we may dislike these expressions, I think no one will be surprised that unusual terms are employed to describe the articles referred to. Ordinary language is wholly inadequate to convey any just idea of garments at present fashionable.

I have heard of a young lady who, on the eve of a party, asked her brother if he would wear his purple neck-tie. The emphatic, but rather appalling reply was that he "shouldn't wear any thing else!"

I said in the opening paragraph of this article that men were supposed to have the moral right to use words which it would be an unpardonable offense in women to use. I am not one who grants this supposed right, though nearly all the world does. "By Jove" and "the devil" may be considered very genteel expressions, but I fail to appreciate their elegance.

If a woman uses one of these words, or goes further and uses the name of the Creator in vain, everybody in ear-shot is shocked, and properly, too. But mark! a man may use them, and no one's conscience is severely disturbed. "Ah, but," says somebody, "it looks worse to hear a woman swear, because we expect better things from a woman." Shameful excuse! If society required as much at the hands of men, in the way of actual morality, as it does from women, the world would be vastly improved. As creatures of moral accountability, appearances should have little weight with us. It is as wrong for a man to swear as for a woman, and a man who uses profane language gets not one atom of respect from me.

As a nation we are undeniably enterprising, but we are also undeniably rough. Our ideas travel fast. We rush forward too fast to do much polishing. Ordinary language is too tame for the expression of Young America's ideas. It takes too long to express a thought. And these slang phrases express so much in so little!

I consider it the duty of editors to exclude any thing like slang from their columns. For instance, why can not the editor of an Agricultural paper, in advising his readers to plant grain largely as the demand for it is likely to be large, tell them to do so in plain language, instead of advising them to "wade in on their muscle"? This abominable language is so commonly used that one finds one's self using it unconsciously. It is so universally spoken and understood, that in time it must corrupt the language itself.

It is the duty of both parents and teachers to see that the youth in their charge use correct expressions. And if there are not words sufficiently terse and comprehensive in the English language for the use of this remarkably fast nation, some competent person had better coin a few thousands that we may not be under the necessity of talking slang. It is coarse, rude, and disgusting, and renders us disagreeable and ridiculous, both to foreign tourists at home, and our neighbors when abroad.

LETTIE ARTLEY IRONS.

THE SECRET OF IT.

"I NOTICED," said Benjamin Franklin, "a mechanic, among a number of others, at work on a house erecting, but a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a merry humor—who had a kind and cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy, or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant happy flow

of spirits. 'No secret, doctor,' he replied. 'I have got one of the best of wives, and when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me; and when I go home she meets me with a smile and a kiss; and then tea is sure to be ready; and she has done so many little things to please me, that I can not find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to anybody.' What influence, then, has woman over the heart of man to soften it, and make it the foundation of cheerful and pure emotions! Speak gently, then; a kind greeting, after the toils of the day are over, costs nothing, and goes far toward making home happy and peaceful. Young wives, and girls, candidates for wives, should keep this in mind; as to older wives, experience may have already taught them this important lesson. And what we say to wives, we say also to husbands—a loving word and kiss go very far with a woman.

THE CHILDREN.

SINCE it came in fashion for mothers and aunts to gather up the old sayings of the little ones for the use of the editor of Old Knick, and some other willing reporter of their pretty ways, it is astonishing to find how cunning, and how bright, and how original almost every one's baby is. And we mean this in earnest. Heaven has given the little ones inquiring minds, and beautiful, innocent ways. But, after the first three or four years of babyhood, we would like to know what becomes of the boys? What, indeed! They have disappeared, vanished entirely, become absorbed in a race of miniature men, small in person, small in wit, small in knowledge, small in virtue—but great in extravagance, great in impudence, great—very great, in their own eyes. Instead of blowing soap-bubbles, they are smoking cigars; instead of rejoicing in jackets, they sport shanghais and flirt little canes; instead of honoring their fathers and their mothers, they look down upon them in profound pity, if not contempt, from the immense height which they have attained in knowledge of the world and superior wisdom generally. In fact, it may be suspected that they feel they have the power of patronizing even their lady friends, who can not but be very much "taken" with their airs of indifferent self-possession. What if they should take a fancy to slight one of these beautiful women? and the young gentlemen fondle the chin "where the down ought to grow." We ask, too, where are the girls? Where are the modest, sweet-faced, artless, heavenly little things who used to teach the skeptical man of the world, by their simple looks and actions, holy lessons of beauty and unconscious purity! Alas! where are the charming little girls?

We see plenty of finified demoiselles, miniature patterns of mamma, elegance, and fashion-plates. We meet them in the parlors, with quick reply and coquettish manner, skilled thus early in the arts and wiles that worldlings prize, craving for incense to be offered to their vanity, feeling themselves already to be women, anxious to enter upon the stage where their graces and accomplishments will be called into display. We meet them upon the street, with the little curl of assumed scorn or nonchalance upon the lip—the precise step, the affected air, all betraying their melancholy initiation into the frivolity, duplicity, and heartlessness of society.

We sigh at the promise this gives for the future. If there is any thing lovely and delightful under heaven, it is the refreshing innocence, faith, and unconscious grace of children. When vanity, doubt, self-consciousness, and duplicity take their place, the spell is broken.

Where are the children? Where are the dear boys and girls with their childish charms? Where

"The little, limber elf,
Singing, dancing to itself,"

not for the admiration of others—happy in its innocence, friendly with every thing, even with the bugs and butterflies, or the barefooted beggar at the door?

SELF-COMMUNION.

WHO hath not grown strong in heart from a silent musing? Who hath not felt, at times, the unconquerable spirit burning within, and stirring the pulses to fever heat for the time? Who hath not sworn vows in secret for the accomplishment of some great purpose? Yet, who, in the wide world, hath kept his vows until the end? Who, through all experience, hath still preserved the spirit at a fever heat, and never faltered in his race? Who hath grown strong in musings, and yet retained his strength? The heart hath two worlds—the inner and the outer; and the spirit which whispers in the inner world is a good spirit, talking of holy purposes and holy duties; but it forgets that the heart which has to act and go abroad in the outer world is not the same heart that beats for the inner world, and, therefore, its lessons are almost all lost. Sometimes, however, our love for the sweet spirit prompts the heart to remember its teachings and to do its bidding; then we are, indeed, great and good men, for we live to do right; but, alas! how soon we drown the spirit's voice in some hate, or envy, or spite, or wrong! Ah! if we could but let the hours of musing be repeated and sacred—if we would but listen to the promptings of the spirit, we should be so much better—so much happier.

A PAPER FOR THE MILLION!

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A pretty long column of infinitesimal type could be filled with expressions like the above, recently poured in upon us from all sections of the country. Of course it is a great satisfaction for us to receive such messages, for they but add to the more convincing argument of largely increasing weekly circulation which prove that we are not only producing a good paper but the people are finding it out.

Not yet a year old and already among the weekly journals of largest circulation! That will do.

'Still Another Surprise

Is in store for the readers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, in the early forthcoming appearance of an author wholly new to the public, possessed of story-telling genius of the highest quality and of versatile powers. The first work from his pen is a romance of the Crescent City, whose everyday experiences are like one of Shakespeare's tragedies—a sad, startling admixture of the Coarse and the Beautiful—of Mirth and Sorrow—of Meekness and Madness—of Smiles, Tears and Blood. The writer, a native of the city, is evidently unconscious of the wondrous wealth of material for romance which his daily associates have made his own; and in this first work he foreshadows dramas and dreams which Dumas would admire. We shall, with confidence, hope much from his pen in contributing to the unceasing excellence, interest and brilliancy of

OUR MODEL JOURNAL.

THE LAST WHITE ROSE.

BY E. R. BLAKE.

Then beautiful new-comer,
With white and maiden brow;
Then fairy gift of summer,
Why art thou blooming now?
This dim and sheltered alley
Is dark with winter green;
Not such as in the valley
At sweet spring-time is seen.

The lime-tree's tender yellow,
The aspen's silvery sheen,
With universal colors mellow,
The universal green;
Now solemn yews are bending
Mid gloomy firs around,
And in dark wreaths descending
The ivy sweeps the ground.

No sweet companion pledges
Thy health as dew-drops pass;
No rose is on the hedges,
No violet in the grass.
Thou art watching and thou only,
Above the snowy tomb,
Thou lovest, and thou loonest,
I bless thee for thy bloom!

A Little Piece of Strategy.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"I THINK it's too mean, Rolfe, after all the pains I've taken, to let me see this one! Obdurate Rolfe—handsome Mr. De Forrest, the girls called him—laughed outright, as he removed his cigar from his lips, and surveyed his pretty little sister's flushed, eager face.

"Besides, Rolfe, when I tell you how perfectly elegant, and beautiful, and wealthy, and stylish—"

"Have pity, Nettie, I beg! you'll smother me with this Miss Beaufort's overpowering attractions before I get the first glimpse of her."

"Then you'll relent, and let me introduce you? Please, there's a darling old brother! I'm sure Flo. Beaufort is in love with you already."

"Which is a most ridiculous thing for Miss Flo. to do—considering she knows nothing about me—unless you have been representing me to her as you have her to me. Is that so, Nettie, petite?"

He lifted up her pretty, scarlet-bloom cheeks, to see if her answer lay in her roguish eyes.

"Nonsense, Rolfe, as if I could tell what wasn't so! At any rate, I am determined you shall see her—and love her. So there, now, Sir Invulnerable, help yourself if you can!"

She flung him a kiss from her rosy fingertips, and was off.

Rolfe De Forrest laughed as he watched the gleaming of her trailing white dress as it swept over the grass, and between the flowering bushes.

"She's like all the rest of the women; so coaxing and pretty when you agree with their notions; so defiant and threatening if you don't happen to agree. However, she'll find me a match for her this time! I've heard of this wonderful Miss Beaufort, with her airs and graces, her simpers and languishing smiles. Bah! if there's one thing above another I abominate, it's one of these soft-hearted damsels, who are so willing to become married."

And, although this self-conceited young aristocrat did not give utterance to these thoughts, they were none the less meant by him as he relighted his cigar, and walked slowly up to his house.

"What did he say, Nettie? Tell me, do." It was as musical a voice, that asked the question, as one ever heard; and the fresh, red lips—the pure, white face, stained with the scarlet blushes; the deep, proud eyes, so dark and tender; the short, dusky hair, waving in thick luxuriance over the proud head, formed a rare vision of youthful loveliness.

"What did he say? why, he acted it; he didn't say so much. Oh, Flo., I think he's awful mean, if he is my brother."

And Nettie's lip curled contemptuously, and her reticent little nose lifted itself up still more, in its piquant indignation; while the flushes spread and deepened on Flo. Beaufort's face.

"He refused to meet you, Flo., because he says he knows beforehand you are vain and superficial, and unwomanly in seeking this introduction."

"Oh, Nettie, don't repeat any more! I shall die for shame to think he has formed such an opinion of me."

Poor little Flo! the mortified tears were dropping one by one from her eyes.

"Yes," went on Nettie, waxing indignant, "yes, when you never as much as mentioned the old, hateful thing's name! to think, after I had planned it all, and invited you here, and sung your praises, he should blame you, you poor, wounded little bird! But never mind! I'll fix him! Flo., I am going to make my big, ugly, conceited brother marry you—because you'll like him, you know, after you find him out."

And Nettie's black eyes flashed, and she tossed her head determinedly.

"Oh, Nettie, Nettie! you mustn't talk so. Besides, after Mr. De Forrest's opinion of me, I'm going home before he sees me. I never could look him in the face after he has called me a husband-hunter."

Flo. arose as she spoke, and began to remove her white dress.

"Exactly; that is what I was about to propose. You needn't look so surprised, Flo., or think I am as unmanly as my hateful, handsome brother—there he comes now, Flo., smoking that everlasting cigar. There, peep through the shutters; ain't he handsome?"

And Flo.'s heart beat more quickly as she looked down on Rolfe, who, all unconscious of the espionage of four bright eyes, came unconcernedly up the avenue; his Panama pushed back off his thick, short blonde hair; his white linen suit, with the massive gold watch-chain; the tiny diamonds in his immaculate linen bosom; the glowing, crimson neck-tie knotted in a careless sailor-tie, so becoming to the proud, fair face, with its heavy, golden-brown beard, and glorious dark eyes.

He was handsome, and Flo. could not help acknowledging it; and she thought—somehow such wild thoughts will come to a woman's heart, and she can't help it—Flo. thought then, in all womanly purity and pride, that to have those proud lips kiss her and tell her their owner loved her above all women; to see those eyes looking into hers,

to have her head bowed down to that breast—and then she grew frightened at her own wild thoughts, and turned suddenly away from the window.

"No—I can't see that he is such an Adonis. To be sure, he has a good figure." "Oh, Flo.!"

And Nettie frowned under her clustering curls.

"You're only vexed because he spoke about you. You know he is splendid, Florentia Beaufort."

"I beg your pardon, Henrietta. I do not admire him."

And then neither would speak to the other; they had enjoyed a little school-girl "spat"; they were estranged, and Rolfe De Forrest had done it.

An hour afterward, as that gentleman was reading by the library-window, where the waving shadows were so cool and dark, he heard the carriage depart, and Nettie say "Good-by," in a very cold, strained voice; then she came in the room where he was, and, not seeing him in the gloom, began to cry.

"Why, sis, what's the matter? who's gone away?"

And then Nettie sprang up in her wrath. "You've driven her away, you hateful man! We never had a word, until I told her what you said. And now she's gone!"

"I don't understand! Who's she?"

"You piece of stupidity! As if you don't know that Flo. was waiting for me while I was begging you to come in and see her."

"I certainly had not the slightest idea Miss Beaufort had arrived. I knew she was coming; but I never dreamed she was here."

"Nor is she now—and it's all your fault."

"Well, well, I guess we'll survive without her. By-the-by, Net, have you an answer from the advertisement for your French teacher?"

"Don't speak to me about it—to think poor, dear Flo. wrote that notice for me, too!"

"And shall I call at the office for any chance answers?"

But Nettie was gone; and Rolfe laid aside his book, and went down to the station for the train to New York.

Had he been three seconds earlier, he would have caught it; and, what's more, seen pretty Flo. Beaufort, as she waited on the platform. But his fate ordered otherwise; and Mr. Rolfe De Forrest sauntered home again, to try the train later.

There were five letters for "N. De F." in

emerald cross, or a diamond ring, I don't.

"Oh, it's worth more than all the jewels in the world."

Nettie's eyes opened wide.

"I don't see how you can buy it, then. To be sure, you are rich enough, but as for buying anything so costly as that."

Rolfe leaned back against the chair. "But I didn't buy it, sis, I won it."

"Won it—oh, Rolfe De Forrest! Oh, I never would have thought it of you—you, a De Forrest, to gamble!"

And the tears sprang to Nettie's eyes.

"There, there, little one, you don't comprehend. Let me tell you, in plain English, that I mean I have won the love of Hellice Armory, and am going to marry her; she's the present I mean, for you. Will you have her?"

"Well, Rolfe, I really have learned to love her dearly, since she came last June; but, truth to tell, I have always hoped you would yet see Flo.—poor, mad Flo."

And Nettie sighed.

"Hellice is worth a dozen of her. But, Nettie, I promised her a horseback ride down to the Pine Woods if the roads were good to-night. Come with us—and perhaps we had better be off soon. The moon has risen."

It was a miserable little cabin, but a good fire blazed on the hearth, and, although the hostess was only a fortune-teller, and Rolfe was opposed to such people, they were glad for the warmth.

"I am going to have my fortune told, Hellice, may I, Rolfe?"

"I have nothing to say. It's excessively foolish."

"But it will be such fun! Here, Hellice, you go first, I will follow."

Rolfe turned away to the moon-lighted window, as his betrothed extended her pretty little hand.

"False colors—false! Lady, you are sailing under the wrong flag—you know it, too. You have wealth, position; you are playing a game—a deep one, too, but an innocent one. He's in it."

The old woman pointed at Rolfe, who turned around, with sudden interest.

"And it's all for love—for love. There's a noble heart under that bosom—and there's a milk-white skin under this brown one. Lady, my eyes can see straight through it all—you're born to happiness—and the sooner you haul down your false colors, and



A LITTLE PIECE OF STRATEGY.

the Herald box, and, of them all, Rolfe stopped to criticize but one—a small envelope, addressed in a stylish back-hand, and dated that morning from New York.

A faint suggestion of "Pond Lily" lingered about, and Rolfe made up his mind the writer was a refined lady; probably a widow, for old maids seldom use perfume, trusting to their own sweetness (?—and his lively imagination pictured the applicant, in plain black dress, with a pale, sad face, and faded eyes.

"If she's only a good teacher, who cares about the looks?"

"He tore open the letter—his sister had empowered him—and ascertained that the writer, Miss Hellice Armory, would see the advertiser at her residence on the Sixth avenue, No. —, third floor, that afternoon.

And, impelled by some strange motive, Rolfe De Forrest went straight to that address, while the remaining letters lay unopened in his memorandum-book.

Perhaps the name fascinated him—it was pretty, to say the least.

And Hellice Armory herself, as Mr. De Forrest saw her, as she opened the door of a modest little parlor, where an elderly lady sat sewing, seemed more than pretty to the gentleman.

She was of medium height, with hair of a light, flossy brown, arranged after the prevailing style; Rolfe noticed more particularly the little curls across the forehead, and the long, thick curl over the shoulder. Her complexion was dark, a clear, bright brunette, with pink, dimpled cheeks.

So this was Hellice Armory, this stylish, quiet girl, with her witching eyes and dark brows and lashes, whose cheeks flushed redly under his keen, admiring glances.

He instantly closed a bargain with her, and begged she would return with him, at once, to De Forrest.

And, during that hour's ride in the cars, Rolfe began to wonder if the lauded Miss Beaufort could be as pretty as the little thing he had so providentially come across; and then got to dreaming, vaguely, of boat-rides and moonlight-excursions.

Meanwhile, the cherry-lipped, brown-haired witch sat demurely reading a paper Rolfe had bought her, with an incomprehensible light in her eyes, and a curious curl on her pretty lips.

"Nettie!"

Rolfe De Forrest turned abruptly to his sister that bright September day, as they sat reading by the grate.

"I've a present for you. Do you want it?"

"According to what it is. If it's another

hoist the true, you'll be perfected in earthly joy."

Hellice stood smiling; Nettie half alarmed, half contemptuous; Rolfe was looking straight in her eyes.

"Hellice, what does she mean? I place no confidence in her words, but sometimes I've thought you were above your position."

He was looking very grave, but the light in her eyes deepened.

"Good woman, can you reveal more?"

"I can. You are not 'Hellice,' you are Florentia Beaufort; and I am—not a gipsy, but your aunt, whom you telegraphed for, to discover the secret. Am I forgiven?"

The same elderly lady it was, Rolfe saw, after she threw aside her disguising garments, that he had seen the day he took Hellice from her Sixth avenue home—really the apartments of a poor friend of Miss Beaufort, who had borrowed them for the occasion.

Then Hellice washed off the dye from her fair face, and removed the false coiffure—and shone forth in all the fair sweetness of Flo. Beaufort.

"I loved you so the first time I saw you," she whispered, as Rolfe kissed her, and shook his finger at Nettie, who was wild with delight.

And the elderly lady rode home with them, while Hellice Armory was left forever behind.

Sometimes Rolfe gets into a brown study as to how she managed it, but when he looks up and meets the love-light in his wife's eyes, he concludes that he don't care how it happened, so long as, after all, he married Flo. Beaufort.

A New Author in the Field!

We soon shall introduce to lovers of Border and Trapper Romance another grand story of the Woods, Rivers and Hills by a new writer, whose advent will give readers a new sensation. The sterling qualities of the author of the now celebrated WOOD DEMON have given him an enviable position as a delineator of Forest life, but, we find in this NEW STAR his competitor and equal, while there is superadded a vein of humor and oddity which will amount to a distinguishing quality in the story. Our command of writers is almost unlimited. We have so long been in the publishing field that we are enabled to reach certain results without experiment. We don't publish one good thing, then a half-dozen that are commonplace and poor. Hence, the new authors who have true excellence and originality as writers come to us as a kind of matter-of-course, and our readers will continue to enjoy repeated surprises in the offerings of these new Stars added to the SATURDAY JOURNAL's galaxy of bright stars.

Maud Arnold's Trial:
OR,
THE BROKEN BETROTHAL.

BY MRS. M. V. VICTOR,
AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD LETTER," "FIGURE EIGHT,"
"WHO OWNED THE JEWELS," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

TWO LETTERS.

Mrs. Bowen was delighted with her new French maid. A creature of such taste, intelligence, and industry was rarer than diamonds. She might buy jewels, whenever her purse was full, but this kind of a jewel was notoriously rare. She was so glad that she had secured her services in season for her round of watering-place visits.

The pride of her life, her matchless golden hair, never before had been dressed to such advantage. She knew that she had exquisite taste in judging of what became her Undine-like style, yet this quick-fingered maid would make suggestions which certainly were improvements. Then her French was that of an educated person; she quite corrected her own, under its influence, and the girl, although she must know she was a treasure, never presumed.

She was patient and willing—fond of children, too. She would wile little Ward from the arms of his nurse, and praise him to his mother, until smiling Mrs. Bowen would repeat how much he was like her dear lost brother, after whom he was named.

When her tears came, Nettie's were always ready to follow, until the sister took solid comfort in grief which was so sympathetically encouraged. She found herself talking hour after hour, when the girl was sewing in her room, or brushing out her bright hair, about that darling brother. Until, unconsciously to herself almost, she had lived over their happy childhood and brilliant youth, in all its trifling incidents. Nettie certainly was a good listener, who never yawned nor diverted the subject, but who led her on with delicate questioning, to speak all that was in her heart.

Mr. Bowen, too, was led to take much notice of the pretty French girl; first, because of his wife's constant reference to her perfection, and secondly, because Nettie herself willed it. She wanted him to be

pleased with her, and did not fail to make him so. She always had a pleasant or sparkling reply, when he chanced to address her, which made him think how pretty and how smart she was. At the same time she had plenty of dignity, the real article, and very becoming to her piquant features when they were forced into an appealing gravity by any attempt of his at too rough a jest. She expected, some day, to be this gentleman's sister-in-law, and she held in memory what would be becoming to such a change in their relations.

Mr. Bowen was not a person of over-sensitive perceptions. He could laugh with a pretty servant and bandy a joke with her without any sense of personal degradation—as he could cheat a man on Wall street, and feel never the worse for it, provided it were done in the regular way. He never did that which was openly bad, and would have been indignant at the assumption that he was capable of anything not becoming in a stock-broker and church-member; but he had a patent conscience of the vulcanized rubber kind, smooth and shining in its finish, and warranted to stretch without injury.

In these days of his renewed prosperity there was a radiance of success which emanated from him like an aureole. He was in high physical health, while his mind had just active employment enough, and of a kind which best suited it, in conceiving and executing schemes for his aggrandizement. Good dinners, sat at long, with congenial friends to help him with the wine, and a lovely wife to grace the head of his table, were beginning to have their legitimate effect, in a broader contour of the smooth face, and a slight fullness of person, not unbecoming.

His former failure, and the sad catastrophe of his partner's suicide, were fading into the dim background of the past. He seldom started, nowadays, with the feeling of the frozen hand clutching at his heart. If Susie had not sometimes disturbed him, he would have ignored the past successfully.

It annoyed him to have her "go on" about her brother, though he had the good taste not to betray it. It certainly was a fortunate thing for Susie that Ward had left that stock in the Petroleum Company to grow into the vast proportions which it had assumed since his death. The income from her interest in that company was quite equal to all that he made on Wall street, though his operations had been gratifyingly successful. He would not like to be deprived of so handsome a thing as that; and

if Ward had lived—why—of course—he and Susie would have had no share in this good luck. That serious-faced Miss Arnold would have been Mrs. Tunnecliffe, spending all the money which his Susie now spent so delightfully. Providence had not been so harsh in its dealings, after all.

Why, then, should a shadow fall, in the midst of this noonday brightness? One pleasant day, late in April, he came in from lunching on oysters at Downing's, and settled himself, with a satisfied sigh, in his office-chair. He had done a good thing, that morning, with Erics, and was comparatively indifferent to the rest of the day. The sun shone through the plate-glass of his window, on the green velvet of his table and the sweet nicety of his fresh carpet.

"Here's a note was left while you was out, sir," said his office-boy.

He opened it immediately, scarcely pausing to observe that it was not in the usual business-envelope and masculine writing of his correspondents.

If there had been any eye upon him while he read it twice over, it would have perceived a slight pallor subduing his high color—a perplexed, mystified expression stealing over his smooth sharpness; but the boy was whistling on the door-step, and the office, at that moment, chanced to be empty of visitors.

"What the old Harry can that mean?"—and he read the note the third time, now beginning to scrutinize the handwriting, which he could not decide upon as being that of a woman, though it did not look like that of a man. It was as follows:—

"Mr. Bowen:—We are in possession of information which renders it highly probable that your brother-in-law, Ward Tunnecliffe, who was supposed to have committed suicide by jumping from the ferry-boat *Calden*, the winter before last, is alive, and will shortly return to his friends. Not doubting but you will be glad to receive this information, we have taken the trouble to transmit it to you. If your brother does not appear, within a month, in his own person, to confirm our suspicions, we will then give you our grounds for believing as we do."

"New York, April 29th, 18—."

No name was signed to this communication.

Mr. Bowen was naturally startled by this unexpected revelation; surprise was his first and strongest emotion; the next—shall we admit it?—was not joy; it was more like vexation. His thoughts were something in this wise:—

"When a person is once dead and buried, why don't he stay so? I call it confoundedly impertinent to make people all this trouble for nothing. The disgrace and annoyance of a suicide ought to be sufficient, without making a nine-days' wonder by coming back to life when they're not expected. There's poor Susie's never got over it! If he should happen to really go off the handle, before her, she will have it all to go through with again! That's what I call a deuced selfish proceeding—getting one's friends in mourning twice. It won't be agreeable to give up the house and furniture, and the Pennsylvania income, even for the sake of having Ward back. A good fellow—but squeamish. Shouldn't care to go into partnership with him again. Sticks about trifles. But, pshaw! I don't believe a word of this impudent note. Why don't we sign our name? Somebody who has heard of Miss Arnold's freak of fancy, is trying to get up a sensation. It can't be true! It's simply absurd. He drowned himself before plenty of witnesses, I'm sure. I wouldn't say a word about it to Susie, for the world. Her mind is none too strong, and it might affect her as it has poor Miss Arnold."

"Well, if it is true, I hope it will not be announced to Susie too suddenly—he ought to have the sense to come to me first. It will be a great shock to her."

Mr. Bowen was restless the remainder of the afternoon. He could not help looking at every one who passed the window, or entered the door, with a nervous glance, as if he expected to be confronted by Ward, or his ghost. This uneasy sensation did not leave him during the evening, nor the following day, nor for many successive days. He kept looking behind him in the streets, and starting in hall and corridor, as if ghost-haunted. This uneasy state of mind fretted his temper; he was less bland than usual, and Antoinette, who had sent him the note, as an initiatory step, and who secretly watched him, was alone aware of the cause. He said nothing to his wife of the mysterious communication which he had received; and he was almost as startled as when he first read that, when, one night, she turned in the bed, stole her hand into his, and breathed in an awe-struck whisper:—

"John, what if Ward should not be dead, after all? Do you know, I often feel as if he were not?—as if he were coming back to us."

"I suppose all who lose dearly-loved friends feel that way, Susie; especially when the death has been sudden, and the body not recovered," he answered, after a moment's silence. "It is natural. But I pray you not to cherish such morbid fancies. Take warning by Maud Arnold."

She said no more. She could not account to herself for her present frame of mind, for she did not recognize the influence which had produced it. The writer of the note was also the author of this presentiment. Within the last week or two, she had once or twice, when Mrs. Bowen had been talking over her brother's death, insinuated a doubt.

"But why is madam so certain that her brother is dead? There may have been a mistake—it might have been another."

"No, Nettie, don't say that. If it was not my brother, pray what became of him? What object would he have in staying away from us? breaking my heart?"

Then Nettie shook her head, as if the matter was too deep for her. In this way, unconsciously to Mrs. Bowen, who scarcely noted from whence the suggestion first came, she gradually produced a state of mind favorable to the denouement which she meant to hasten.

With all this uneasiness which she had provoked in others, Antoinette was herself uneasy, and growing more so every day. For the first fortnight, everything had progressed to her liking; but then, to her great disappointment, on one of her visits to Mrs. Farwell's, Duncan had informed her that pressing business must take him out of the city for at least a month.

"It is business which cannot be put off," he said, "and, in fact, I should have gone a week sooner. I lose much by the delay. I would not attempt it, at this time, but that it is important to the very matter we have in hand. It will not give you any too much time, Antoinette. We must not move too

quickly in this game, lest we lose it by rashness. When I return, every thing will be in train, and the end not far off."

So he had gone away, and she had felt desolate and jealous. The strongest passion of the poor French girl's nature was jealousy. Why could Duncan not have told her the precise nature of his business, and to what place he was going? She had confided all to him, risked much for him—why had he not placed equal confidence in her? If she had not known, positively, that Miss Arnold was in Paris, she would at once have suspected the truth—that Duncan was following her up with the intention of working upon her diseased fancy, and securing the heiress, before attempting to deceive the Bownes. But that he had actually sailed for France never came into her mind. She thought that game too bold a one, from the first; and she believed that Duncan felt a tender interest in herself. No, Miss Arnold was safely out of the way, but where was David Duncan, and what was he doing? Why did he not write to her? She called often at Mrs. Farwell's, always hoping that there would be a letter for her under cover to that good lady, but never asking for it, for fear of betraying her disappointment, and knowing that it would be delivered, if there. She received no message whatever; instead, she was obliged to parry Mrs. Farwell's questions about David—where he was—when he was coming back—was the wedding to be this summer, and would they board with her?

Antoinette always said that he was well, and was coming back soon, as if she heard frequently from him; laughing in answer to the marriage question, without making any direct reply. For one thing, the girl was devotedly thankful to her good genius—that was, that Mr. Randolph had betaken himself to a foreign land. When she read his name on the list of passengers who sailed with the Arnolds, though surprised at his abrupt departure, which she was aware must have been suddenly resolved upon, she was immensely relieved. Nothing could have given her more satisfaction. Now that she was in love with Duncan, and meant to marry him, she wished to disentangle herself from the relations which bound her to the Southerner. Randolph was not a lover of hers—at least, not now—though she had aided him in some of his bad practices. She knew that he had sworn to marry Miss Arnold, in spite of her scorn and coldness, that he had never entirely abandoned the project, and that it could only have been her influence which carried him to Paris. That he should succeed in marrying her, was the second dearest wish of Antoinette's heart. If he had remained in the city, she would constantly have dreaded that some knowledge might come to Duncan which would ruin her hopes of winning his love. His love and respect seemed to her the things in the world most worth gaining. At the same time she had a keen appreciation of the temporal advantages waiting upon the position of his wife, should he be successful in his attempted imposture. As she looked around upon the luxurious home of her mistress, as she folded her silken robes and fingered her flashing jewels, she said constantly to herself:

"Soon all these will be mine!"

Success was not yet so assured but that she had many forebodings of failure. Nothing was neglected, on her part, which promised aid in this dangerous undertaking; sly and subtle as the air, she pervaded every thing with an unseen influence. While she acknowledged to herself the boldness of the scheme, and expected success, she was prepared for the worst. If Duncan should be discovered an impostor, he could leave the country. She, who knew all things, knew that he had quite a sum of money saved from his earnings; and since he was so familiar with Paris, and liked it so much, they could return to her own country, where he could find plenty of employment in the rare branch of his trade which he practiced. In dear Paris they could live and love, and be happy in their own way.

With such thoughts she kept herself sufficiently busy, while the month of David's prescribed absence rolled away. It was now well into May; Mrs. Bowen was full of plans for the summer; so many light dresses and shawls to be selected, so much business with the dressmaker, such important consultations with her French maid! Really, it would seem that the getting up of a summer wardrobe was a serious labor, taxing the physical and intellectual powers of a pretty woman in the severest manner. This labor quite agreed with Nettie's instincts, also; and the two got along together without a ripple of disagreement. Nettie took all the deeper interest in her mistress's preparations, that she hoped soon to be making similar preparations on her own account; she took lessons for future use. That all should be consummated this very season was her hope; she wanted Duncan back before the Bowen establishment should be closed for the summer, that the birds might be caught before they took wing.

The four weeks of this expected absence passed without bringing his return. That vague uneasiness grew upon her; she was jealous of—she knew not who nor what. In the light of her growing despondent mood, the folly of their contemplated crime became more apparent. If Duncan would only come back, she would ask him to abandon the project she had originated; he

would marry her; she would give up these visionary splendors which she had coveted. Thus her mood vacillated, as the moods of a guilty mind generally do.

In the latter part of May she chanced to be looking over the Saturday's paper when she saw a letter advertised for Antoinette Sevigne. She at once asked permission to go for it; her heart throbbed with impatience until the letter was in her hand. Then a dull weight of disappointment settled down upon it. It was not from Duncan, after all. It was a foreign letter, postmarked Paris. The writing was Mr. Randolph's; she recognized it, before breaking the seal. Her curiosity to learn what he might have to say to her was not equal to her regret at not receiving tidings of Duncan.

"He wishes to inform me that he is about to be married, or is married, to the heiress, at last; and to inclose a final check, which shall pay me off for the iniquity I have practiced for his benefit, and close our acquaintance. I despise him—and, doubtless, he despises me. But he was the meaner—he was a man! I hope he is married. I never wish to hear from him again." She muttered these things to herself, in rapid French, with quivering lips, as she made her way out of the crowd at the post-office, and entered an omnibus which should take her back up-town.

She felt no inclination to read the letter, which she thrust into her pocket, while she sat gloomily wondering where Duncan was, and when he would return. It was not until she was in the little chamber at Mrs. Bowen's, with her hat off, and the door locked, that she cared to find out what Randolph had thought of sufficient importance to warrant writing from Paris. It possessed more interest for her than she had imagined:

"Paris, April 30th.

"MY CHARMING LITTLE ANTOINETTE:—You will be delighted to hear that I am in a fair way to another disappointment. If I do not look sharp, I shall be outwitted by a greater rogue than I am! 'C'est impossible!'—not at all, my dear. There are many rogues in this wide world, as you and I ought to know. But I owe you an explanation for leaving New York so suddenly, without asking you if you had any messages to send back to your many friends in this witching metropolis. Of course I but followed my heacon star. I learned that Miss Arnold, as you assured me that evening in the Park, was destined for this country, and I resolved to follow. I told her that my uncle, on my reformation (h), had consented to give me an interest in a business here, and I thought it an excellent time to be taking the benefit of his goodness. I am going into the manufacture of artificial flowers, as something eminently fitted to my abilities. I have dealt in things pretty and artificial so long, that this just suits me. If I can I intend to persuade Miss Arnold that Paris agrees better with her than New York, and that her father can return whenever he finds it necessary, leaving her to the care of a devoted husband. I am not at all sure of success in this. After two years of 'toil and trouble,' which you alone can fully appreciate, I do not seem to be any nearer the prize than at first. I don't know, really, why I did not abandon the track long ago. I might have had any one of a dozen others, for the asking. But this 'fairest, coldest wonder' just suits my fastidious taste. I shall prize her all the more, for the difficulty I have had in persuading her."

"But to the point. I suppose you have missed your interesting cabinet-maker, who has, if I guess right, quite run away with little Antoinette's heart. You told me of his remarkable resemblance to young Tunnecliffe. I remembered the fellow very well. As I told you, I once bought a dressing-case of his manufacture, and saw him in the shop, where I went to take a look at the article. A sharp, shrewd, intelligent fellow. He snapped me up, once or twice, on that occasion, which made me take more notice of him. When you told me about his looking so much like Tunnecliffe, I contrived to get a glimpse of him, a few times, when he was coming from his work. What do you suppose was my astonishment to see this very person come out of the Arnolds' house the evening before they sailed? I knew the old folks were not at home, for I had been lingering about the premises, as I have a habit of doing, and saw them going off in their carriage. This person went in, staid an hour by my watch, and came out. I saw him distinctly; you know there is a lamp opposite the house. I followed him back to his lodgings, which were at the address you gave me. I was thoroughly puzzled, until, by hard thinking, a little light dawned on the affair. He is making capital of his likeness to her dead lover, to win upon the young lady's feelings, and induce her to a marriage—probably a runaway affair. Such were my suspicions, and acting upon them, I resolved to follow the pair, and interrupt the business; for I expected nothing but that he would be on the same vessel. I had no time to see you. I had difficulty in obtaining passage at so late an hour, but a merchant who, from illness in his family, desired to delay his trip, sold me his ticket, and I got on, at the eleventh hour."

"The cabinet-maker was not on board. But I did not regret my undertaking, as I succeeded in getting back into the good graces of the old money-prince, and had opportunities of renewing my friendship with his family. I kept a good look-out, after our arrival, and was not at all surprised to see, yesterday, the name of David Duncan, as just arrived from your city. Have you missed him? I've got him under my eye, and intend to keep him there. He is playing a deep game. Miss Arnold is completely duped by him. I don't doubt that she will marry him, the first hour she can escape from her parents. I am bound to give them warning. In their gratitude, perhaps they will insist upon her marrying me. So I hope. I have sent you, by express, a box of our choicest manufactures. Money is rather scarce with me at present, as I have, as yet, drawn nothing from the firm. I don't know, however, that I am indebted to you. I paid you, I believe, for the service rendered."

"Thinking you might desire to know my prospects, and where your cabinet-maker had gone to, I have written this. Be a good

girl, and I will send your Duncan back to you in a very short time."

"As ever, dear coz,
R. R."

As she read this, the girl's face grew furious. When she had finished, she threw it on the floor and stamped on it, while the dark red rose of her cheek grew yellow and pale.

"Fool, fool that I was!" she exclaimed, in her own language. "That I did not see it, that I did not suspect it! Ha! he has abandoned me for that young lady! I am not to his taste! the base mechanic! the low fellow! He saw the chance to marry that proud creature, and he has fled away from me, secretly—he has left me to the ruin of my hopes, and gone to her! Why did I not see it sooner, and set the officers of the law after him? Ha! I hope Randolph will be too quick for him. Ha! ha! he will not get her, after all his trouble! Randolph will see to that!"

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 36.)

LOVE'S MADNESS!

Is painted with rare power in the new serial by Mrs. MARY REED CROWELL, upon which she has been laboring for many weeks past, and which is now in our hands. It is, like all of the writer's creations, exceedingly unlike anybody else's work—original in character, plot and inspiring motive. Giving us such glimpses, or rather revelations, of a woman's heart, as no man could offer, the reader is carried along on the current of a narrative so full of human nature in its usually unwritten or unspoken phases, as to compel exclamations both of surprise and wonder. Mrs. Crowell is a keen, and certainly fearless expositor of the weakness and mystery of her sex, as well as of the rare beauty which is woman's greatest glory—the beauty of purity and goodness. This new serial will greatly add to the interest of coming issues of the SATURDAY JOURNAL—the

EVER WELCOME GUEST.

The Heart of Fire: OR, MOTHER VS. DAUGHTER. A REVELATION OF CHICAGO LIFE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "ACE OF SPADES," "SCARLET HAND."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

BERTRAND'S VENGEANCE.

LURLIE, in her widow's weeds, sat in her boudoir awaiting the coming of Bertrand. The shades of night had descended upon the busy city, and with the night would come the man who had promised to remove a dangerous rival from her path.

She felt sure, too, that Bertrand had kept his promise, for in the morning papers she had read a brief notice, the tenor of which was, that a young girl had committed suicide by leaping from the Madison street bridge into the river.

She guessed that the girl was the one whose influence she feared with the man she loved; although by what means Bertrand had made her death appear to be the act of one bent on self-destruction, she could not guess.

"Perhaps I am wrong, and the notice does not concern her, but another," she said, musingly. "And yet, something within, tells me that it is she. If my presentiment be truth, there is now no barrier between Edmund Kelford and myself. I am a widow—a wealthy one, too, and this girl that he fancied he loved, is removed. The future then is all bright. Oh! how happy I shall be in his love!"

Lurlie was giving way to wild day-dreams. She thought not of the man—the old captain who rested beneath the sod, and whose love had given her all that she had in the world.

She thought not of the past but only of the future; the future that was to be so full of happiness.

The clock had just struck eight, when Bertrand was ushered into the room. Lurlie had given orders that he should be brought to her instantly on entering the house.

Lurlie could hardly restrain her impatience until the door closed behind the servant who had conducted Bertrand.

"Well?" she cried, in eagerness.

"It is well," he answered, with a smile.

"The girl?"

"Will never trouble you."

Lurlie drew a long breath of relief.

"You have kept your word, then?"

"Did you ever know me to break it?"

"No."

"I have not in this case. I promised you that the girl should be removed from your path, and I have kept that promise. Did you see any of the morning papers?"

"Yes, the Tribune."

"Did you notice the account of a girl committing suicide by jumping from the Madison street bridge?"

"Yes," Lurlie answered, eagerly.

"Well, that girl was Pearl Cudlipp."

"But I do not understand—"

"How she came to commit suicide, eh?"

said Bertrand, with a smile. "Perhaps you will understand it better when I tell you that I was by the girl's side when she leaped into the river."

"Ah, now I understand you. Passing, you pushed her off the bridge."

"There is no one can swear to it," said Bertrand, coolly.

"But it is the truth, though!"

"It is not impossible."

"Now there is no obstacle in my path to happiness!" cried Lurlie, in glee.

"Are you sure of that?" asked Bertrand, with a peculiar smile.

Bertrand's look made Lurlie tremble.

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

"Oh, nothing," he said, carelessly; "a chance remark—a thought, that is all."

"And that thought?"

"The old and trite expression, man proposes and fate disposes," said Bertrand, with a laugh.

"You think that your life in the future will be one of peace and happiness; that, like a storm-buffed ship, you have passed through the angry and dangerous waves, and gained at last the harbor of safety."

"Yes, I do think so," said Lurlie, slowly.

She felt sure that Bertrand's words, careless as they seemed, concealed some hidden meaning.

"Well, I hope that you will not be deceived," and again the peculiar smile appeared on Bertrand's face.

"I do not see how I can be," Lurlie replied.

"By my husband's death I have come into possession of wealth enough to gratify every wish, and now that this girl is removed from my path, I do not see what can prevent me from winning the love of the man toward whom I feel the same passion that once filled my heart for you, Bertrand Tasnor, long years ago."

"And that passion lasted a remarkably long time," said Bertrand, with a sneer.

"Your fault, not mine!" cried Lurlie.

"I might say the same thing in regard to you," replied Bertrand.

"But, this man's love will make a better woman of me."

"And mine made you worse?"

"Yes."

"Very plain if not complimentary," said Bertrand, with a laugh.

"It is the truth."

"So you say."

"So all would say if they knew the history."

"Well, we'll let it pass," said Bertrand, lightly. "Let bygones be bygones. As the old saying is, 'let the past bury its dead.' And now to business. Lurlie, you promised me a certain sum of money for that service that I did you last night."

"Yes, and here it is," Lurlie said, counting the bills as she spoke, from her wallet into his hand.

"That is quite correct!" he exclaimed, when she had finished. "Why, Lurlie, you are quite a woman of business."

"There; and now we are done with each other."

"Done! I do you want our acquaintance to end here?"

"Yes."

"Isn't that rather hard? Old friends like you and me to part in this cavalier way with the understanding that in the future we are to be as strangers to one another?"

Though Bertrand uttered the words in a light and joking way, the dangerous light that gleamed in his eyes told that he was far from being in a humorous mood.

"Enough of this, Bertrand; all is over now between us," said Lurlie, haughtily.

"Are you sure of it?" Bertrand asked, with an air of menace.

"What do you mean by that question?" she cried. "Have I not braved you—yes, and beaten you, too, in all your attacks?"

"There again, I must put the question, 'are you sure?'" said Bertrand, with a smile full of ominous meaning.

"Do you wish to again test your power against mine?"

"No, not to test it again, for I have already dealt you a blow which you can not parry."

"You have?" said Lurlie, incredulously and scornfully.

"Yes."

"It must be a powerful one, for I have not felt it," and Lurlie's lip curled contemptuously.

"First a question, or perhaps a series of questions."

"Go on."

"You are wealthy?"

"Yes."

"You are sure of gaining the love that you seek?"

"Yes."

"And then you will be completely happy?"

"For the third time, yes."

"In the enjoyment of your wealth and in the arms of this young Kelford, you will find forgetfulness of all the past?"

"Yes, again, to that question."

"Forget even your child?"

Lurlie started at the question, but barely as much as the question as at the look of triumph that was on Bertrand's face.

A sudden fear took possession of her; a heavy weight seemed on her heart.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Exactly what I say," responded Bertrand; "in the midst of all this that a kind Providence spreads out before you, hiding the memory of your past life with the gloss of joy, you will even forget your child?"

"But she is dead!"

Bertrand laughed and triumph rung in the laugh.

"Lurlie, when I came to you, sued for peace and offered to become your tool, and for a paltry sum of money to do your bidding, did you not guess that my action concealed some hidden meaning? Did you think so poor of me as even for a moment to suppose that I, your master, would become your slave? No; that offer, Lurlie, concealed my vengeance. The death of this girl, Pearl Cudlipp, by violence, whom,

in reality, you murdered, for I was but a tool in your hands, is my blow. When you know the truth, that blow will make you curse the hour when you first looked upon the face of this young Kelford and allowed this fatal love for him to enter your heart." Wild and swelling with devilish joy was Bertrand's voice.

"What do you mean?" asked Lurlie, in wonder. She guessed that some fearful truth was at hand.

"What do I mean?" and Bertrand's face fully showed his fierce joy as he asked the question. "Why, that this girl whom you hired me to murder, was your own child!"

With a wild shriek, Lurlie staggered back into a chair. Her features were white as death, and large drops of perspiration hung like waxen beads upon her forehead.

"No! no! it can not be!" she moaned.

"It is the truth!" Bertrand cried.

"When first I saw the girl I noted the resemblance she bore to you, though her style of beauty was so different from yours. I followed up the clue; discovered all her history. The woman, Cavendish, in whose care you left the child, was a widow. She married again, this time to Stephen Cudlipp; hence the name of the girl. When I discovered the truth I formed my plan. When I came to you and offered to kill the girl, I knew then that she was your daughter. What do you think of my vengeance now? Do you triumph or do I not?"

Terrible was the tone in which Bertrand uttered the words.

"Oh, devil that you are!" moaned Lurlie.

"Does not this deed tear your heart as well as mine? Was she not also your child?"

"What care I for that? My heart is marble. It was the only way in which I could strike you, and I would have done it, even if it had cost me my right hand!" cried Bertrand, fiercely.

"Oh, wretched woman that I am! Heaven have mercy on me, and let me die!" moaned Lurlie, in her agony.

Bertrand, with a cruel smile, gloated over her misery.

"And you had no mercy! a single word and both our souls would have been free from this weight of guilt. But you are a tiger in human shape. You ruined my life years ago! But for you I should have been a good, pure woman; not content with turning into bitterness all my life, now you have killed my child." Then, with a sudden movement, Lurlie sprang to her feet.

"Devil, you shall not live but die!" she cried, wildly, and springing forward in mad frenzy, attempted to catch him by the throat.

With an oath, Bertrand hurled her heavily back.

Turning as she fell, her head struck on the sharp corner of the heavy marble-topped table; the skull was pierced at the temple, and the death-blow had been received.

A single moan and Lurlie lay on the rich carpet, dying. The purple life-current stained the golden locks.

"Oh, my poor, poor baby," she moaned, in her deep despair. Then, with a few convulsive motions, Lurlie passed into unconsciousness, which deepened until the pulses ceased to throb.

The Heart of Fire was chilled by the cold fingers of death.

With a gloomy brow, Bertrand knelt by the body.

CHAPTER XXXV.

JOY AT LAST.

In agony of grief at Pearl's death, Kelford bowed his head, and the hot tears, despite his efforts to keep them back, came slowly in his eyes.

"Remain here and see if they make any effort to revive her," said Bertrand in Bedford's ear; then he and Goff departed.

Bedford, the moment they were out of sight, took another look at the body of Pearl.

"What the blazes is the use of my staying here, I'd like to know? Blessed if I'm going to do it, and it's getting chilly, too." So, without more ado, he slunk away in the darkness.

Some two hours afterward he joined Bertrand and Goff at the low saloon on Wells street and reported that the girl had not recovered.

It was on his report that Bertrand had spoken so confidently in regard to the death of Pearl.

After Bedford's departure a young doctor passing, attracted by the crowd, came and stood by the side of the senseless girl. His practiced eye quickly decided that there was yet a chance to save her life.

Under his direction she was taken into the coal office near at hand and the usual means employed to resuscitate her.

Slowly but surely the life, that had apparently fled forever, came back.

Wild was Kelford's joy.

Wirt could not help sharing in it.

By the doctor's orders all the crowd, except the boatman, who was in charge of the office, and the two friends, Wirt and Kelford, whom he rightly conjectured to be friends of the unfortunate girl, were excluded from the room.

"She will recover," said the doctor, gazing hopefully into the white face.

"Oh, thank Heaven for that!" cried Kelford, fervently.

"You are friends of the lady?"

"Yes," Wirt answered.

"What could have induced her to attempt her own life?" asked the doctor, in wonder.

"I do not know; I can not even guess," replied Kelford.

"It is very strange," said the doctor, thoughtfully. "One as young and beautiful as she, should have no wish to seek forgetfulness in the river."

"It is true. Her reason for the act is a mystery to me," and Kelford was sorely puzzled to account for it. He had no suspicion, of course, of the facts.

"Luckily I've my little pocket medicine-case with me." And then the doctor forced a few drops of a reviving cordial through the firm-set teeth.

The magic effects of the liquor were soon apparent. The color came slowly back into the white, death-like cheeks.

"There; in an hour or so she will be very little the worse for her cold bath," said the doctor, cheerfully.

"I can hardly express to you, sir, how thankful I am for this service," said Kelford, warmly.

"Only my duty, nothing more," said the doctor, modestly.

Wirt essayed to put a ten-dollar bill, quietly, into his hand, but the young doctor modestly but firmly declined it.

"Not in a case like this, gentlemen. I should feel ashamed of myself if I took pay for this trifling service, but here is my card," and he gave the pasteboard to Wirt. "If at some future time you should need my services, professionally, I shall be proud to attend you."

This simple act was the making of the young doctor, for, in after time, through the influence of the two friends, he was introduced to an excellent practice. From such trifling cases come deepest consequences.

"I suppose you will care for the young lady, now?" the doctor continued.

"Yes, of course," answered Kelford, eagerly.

"You had better get a carriage and take her home. All she needs is rest and perfect quiet. When you get her home, she had better be put to bed at once in warm flannels." Then the doctor departed.

A coach was procured and the still unconscious girl placed in it.

"You will tell the driver where to go?" Kelford asked of his friend.

"Yes, of course. You get inside and look after her. I'll get on the box with the driver," Wirt answered.

Kelford did not wait for a second bidding.

In the coach he supported the slender form of Pearl in his arms.

Fondly he pressed her to his breast, and kissed the cold lips with many a passionate kiss.

Little by little, consciousness came back to the maiden.

She did not fully realize her position. It seemed to her like a dream; yet she knew that she was in her lover's arms, knew that his lips were pressing hers. She was happy. She did not resist, but wound her arms tightly around his neck and yielded her lips up to his caresses.

Half unconscious, she yet tacitly admitted the love that filled her heart, but which her lips had never told.

Kelford was in a wild dream of happiness.

From that dream he was rudely awakened by the sudden stopping of the coach.

He wondered at the stoppage, for, to him, it did not seem that five minutes had elapsed since they had started. The half-hour had indeed passed quickly!

"Come," said Wirt, opening the coach door; "here we are."

Carefully, still carrying the girl in his arms, for though her senses had returned, her strength had not, Kelford descended to the pavement.

Then, for the first time, Kelford discovered that he was in front of his own house on Michigan avenue.

"Why, Wirt—" he said, in surprise.

"It's all right; carry the girl in; I'll explain everything to your aunt, the old lady."

Wirt had previously settled with the hackman; so he sprang up the steps. Kelford gave him his latch-key, and he opened the door.

Kelford carried Pearl up-stairs to his own room, and laid her upon the sofa.

"You are better, dear?" he said, tenderly, as he bent over her, and smoothed back the damp hair from her forehead.

"Yes," she said, lowly, and glancing into his face with eyes full of love.

In a few minutes, Wirt, attended by Mrs. Kelford, Edmund's aunt, and a host of servants, comprising all that were in the house, from the coachman down to the stable-boy, entered the apartment, bearing blankets, pitchers of hot water, and various other articles that could be procured on the spur of the moment, and were supposed to be useful in a sick-room.

Pearl looked a little dismayed at the entrance of the motley crowd, but an encouraging pressure of her lover's hand restored her.

Wirt, in a few brief words, had explained the position of affairs to Mrs. Kelford, and that worthy lady, burning with a desire to show her skill upon something better than a sick poodle, entered upon the task of restoring the half-drowned girl with joy.

First, all the gentlemen were turned out of the room, much to Kelford's discomfort and Pearl's dismay, for the presence of her lover was like life to her.

Then Pearl was undressed and put to bed between the warm blankets.

Mrs. Kelford, an excellent woman at

heart, bustled about her in true motherly style, and all the while she sung the praises of her handsome nephew, until Pearl felt ready to cry for joy.

Then all the servants were turned out as the males had been, and Mrs. Kelford, turning down the gas, sat down by Pearl's bedside in an easy-chair, to watch her charge.

In vain Pearl protested that she did not want to be so much troubled; Mrs. Kelford was as firm as a rock, and Pearl, wearied at last, and with happiness swelling all through her little heart, sunk into tranquil slumber—a bright smile on her pale face, and on her lips the name of the man she was now conscious that she dearly loved.

Meanwhile, Wirt and Kelford had adjourned to the library, Kelford's snugery, and there, with a couple of good cigars, discussed the events of the last hour.

"What the deuce put it into your head to have the girl brought here?" Kelford asked.

"So as to give you a chance to win her, of course," Wirt replied. "If she goes out of this house Pearl Cudlipp, and not Mrs. Kelford, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"But her folks will be anxious about her."

"I'll go this very night and tell them that she is safe, and where she is."

"But I'm not sure that the girl loves me well enough to marry me."

"So much the better, then, that I brought her here. If she doesn't love you now, you'll have a chance to make her do so. Ed, if you don't win her, you don't deserve to have her at all."

"But suppose—"

"Don't suppose any thing!" interrupted Wirt. "To use the classic saying, 'go in and win.'"

"If I thought I could win—"

"You never will, unless you try; that's a moral certainty."

"I will try," said Kelford, decidedly; "to-morrow I'll urge my suit again, but will not force her to an act which her heart does not approve. If she does not love me for myself alone, I shall not accept a hand given in gratitude or fear." He spoke earnestly.

After some few more words, the friends parted, Wirt to proceed to Pearl Cudlipp's friends, who, he knew, were then anxiously awaiting her return, and Kelford retiring to rest. His slumbers that night were pleasant, for he dreamed only of the girl he loved so well.

In the morning Pearl had quite recovered, much to the satisfaction of Mrs. Kelford. That worthy lady had sat and dozed all night long in the easy-chair by the side of the girl's bed.

After breakfast, Kelford seized an early opportunity to speak to Pearl upon the subject that was nearest and dearest to his heart.

They were sitting in the parlor together.

Kelford had explained that it was his friend, Wirt's, idea in having her brought where she was.

"Your aunt is such a dear, good woman," Pearl said, warmly. "I am not sorry that you did bring me here, for I should not have known her else."

"And now, Pearl, that I have you here, I feel reluctant to let you go again," Kelford said, imprisoning the little white hand within his own.

"Do you?" Pearl asked, shyly, yet not attempting to release the prisoner's hand.

"Yes, Pearl; can you give some little hope? but—I never thought to ask before—why did you attempt to commit suicide last night?"

"Why, I did not!" said Pearl, in astonishment.

"No!"

"I was thrown into the water by a tall man that passed me on the bridge; he turned, seized me suddenly, and before I could even scream I was falling through the air."

"What a strange attack! Pearl, will you not give me the right to protect you from any such danger in the future?" Kelford's voice was low and earnest.

"I should not refuse you again, for you saved my life, and—"

"If you do not love me, refuse."

"But—" and Pearl paused, shyly.

"But what?"

"I do love you!"

The words at last were spoken; and thus Pearl, the orphan girl, became the promised wife of Edmund Kelford.

No happier hearts in Chicago than theirs on that eventful day.

(Concluded next week.)

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OR,
LIFE ON A TROPIC ISLE.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST.

NUMBER FORTY-ONE.

My utter and overwhelming astonishment may be conceived, when on coming to myself I found bending over me three Europeans, as I at once recognized them to be, despite their sunburnt looks and strange costume.

"It is—can it be?" said a voice, which sounded like a dim echo of the past. "It is—my boy."

And I was clasped in the arms of my own dearly beloved father.

"This here is no time for speechifying," said a gruff voice. "I want to know, master, if there is any place which we could hold against these rampaging savages. They're taken aback—but my name's not John Thomas if they'll not be on us again in a minute."

I rose to my feet, the circulation having by this time returned, and well aware of the exposed position in which we were, took upon myself to lead the way without any superfluous observations. I took care, however, to lead them in a direction which admitted of my recapturing my gun, which I took up without remark. Indeed I was too overwhelmed to speak. The miracle which had been performed in my favor was so astounding that I could scarcely credit my senses.

One moment before, and the savages were about to immolate me without mercy, and now I was a free man, with my father, uncle James and the skipper John Thomas. It seemed scarcely possible, and yet it was so. Yes, my hand was held in that of my beloved parent, as we hurried along without a word, the gallant captain bringing up the rear and keeping a good lookout.

He was right when he roused us to a sense of our situation, for we had not gone a quarter of a mile when we saw the savages hanging like a cloud on our rear, and preparing for an attack. With their spears, clubs, and almost impenetrable shields, our fire-arms which they now began thoroughly to understand, were not so formidable as they had at first imagined.

We were, however, determined not to be circumvented, and retreated, therefore, in good order, keeping our guns ready. The savages do not all at once get over such a surprise as that we had given them, so that for a time the mere pointing of our guns sufficed to send them back in full and precipitate retreat. Then came a rushing sound through the wood, and both horse and zebra came galloping up, accompanied by all the dogs.

They had doubtless been attracted by the firing, and their curious instinct made them understand that with us they would be safe against the savages who had pursued them with such relentless zeal. I, however, took no note of this circumstance; but capturing them, we mounted, two on each, and though the burden was heavy, were soon out of sight of the furious and discomfited savages.

When we reached my cave, and they passed through my pathway into the fort, the delight and admiration of all knew no bounds. My artillery, my pond, my monkeys, my cave, my stockade, were all examined and applauded in turn, but I checked all this to talk of other things.

"My mother—my sister—my cousin?"

"All well," said my father, quickly; "but of that when we have leisure. Let us now think wholly of ourselves."

"Right you are!" cried old John Thomas, a grizzled seaman of three-score; "and first as to the larder."

All the dogs having followed us, two of the most yelping curs of the lot were tied at the end of the pathway, to give notice while I let my delighted friends into my cave and gave them a hearty meal; of which, it appeared, they stood in ample need. My heart was very full at this time, and as I viewed them, I could not help taking their hands and pressing them to my heart, and by my looks manifesting my extreme delight at what had occurred.

But our coming danger rendered it absolutely necessary that we should prepare for our defense. No sooner, therefore, had the meal been concluded, than we sallied forth and examined the state of our fortress. Every thing was thought admirable, except that in case of a rush, it was thought advisable to leave the gate open, only fixing some bars across, that did not impede the devastating power of my infernal machine, which was fresh loaded and primed.

This decided on, the dogs were called in, and with the monkeys, fastened up within the cave, so as not to guide the savages to us by any imprudent noise.

Then, with a goodly supply of powder and ball, and with such arms as I could find them, such as axes and swords, my unexpected and beloved allies took up their posts. It was arranged that at the first rush of the savages, I should fire my infernal machine, and then one of the others would slam the gate and fasten the thick bar; when each would act according to circumstances.

Then climbing up by means of my ladder, at a spot well-known to me, I crept from bough to bough, until I came to a spot where I could overlook the plain; there was no hope whatever of our escaping their attack. The trail we had left

was broad and obvious; all we could hope for would be fair warning.

It has been truly observed that the warriors of this part of Africa—not excepting the Fans—are not overstocked with courage. They invariably applaud tricks that are inhumanly cruel and cowardly, and never, in any instance, seek open, hand-to-hand fight. To surprise man, woman or child in their sleep, and then to kill them; to lie for hours in ambush for a solitary man, and to kill him by a single spear-thrust before he can defend himself; to waylay a poor woman going to the spring for water, and kill her; or for a large canoe to attack a small one on a river: these are the warlike and boasted feats of African savages.

Indeed, no rude or barbarous people appears to be really and truly brave. The head hunters of Borneo trust almost wholly to night attacks, while even the North American Indians dealt in surprises, fought, like the negroes, from behind trees, and were, with wonderful exceptions, rather cruel than brave.

In fact, all that we see of barbarous and civilized life is strongly in favor of the latter in every way. Savages may be picturesque enough, but that is all.

For a long time there was an awful stillness on the earth, which may have lasted an hour, when, as I had for some time expected, I saw the savages come out of the wood in small parties on the trail. As soon as they saw that the track led to a dense thicket they halted, while I eagerly returned to my position within the fort, making signs as I descended the ladder that the blacks were coming.

I received no reply, they having even posted themselves in out-of-the-way places. From their after story, I always believed that, worn out with a fearful journey and much suffering, they had after their ample meal become fearfully sleepy, and were taking a doze. But this circumstance I kept to myself, as their waking was to be terrible.

I crouched down beneath the shed which covered my guns. They were all loaded, with the pans open, and a train of gunpowder communicating between them all. As they were tried muskets, they had several balls. I myself was hidden behind some planks, which had, however, chinks in them, through which I could peer out and observe all that was passing. In my hand was a lighted piece of touchwood, in my belt two pistols, and by my side my double-barreled gun.

But again all was still as death, and I should myself, exhausted and weary, have given way to sleep, had not I suddenly heard a suspicious crackling of dead and dry boughs in my pathway. In an instant I saw a whole mob of curious faces peering one over the other through the open doorway of the fort.

Loud was the report, fearful the yells, and dire the destruction, as my train flashed on high, and the guns went off. In an instant, slam went the high gate—the bar was placed across, and my friends were ready. They said not a word, but each peered forth from his hiding-place.

I could see that the destruction caused by my artillery was great, while terrible groans of anguish made us aware that the pile I gazed at was composed of the dying as well as of the dead.

But our position was too perilous to take this consideration into account, so I contented myself with loading my infernal machine once more; after which I summoned the whole party to a conference, under the shelter of my palm-trees. This done, I expressed my opinion that there would be no attack for some time, so that it would be wise for all who could to take some rest.

"But we must have a sentry," said Captain Thomas.

"I will keep guard," was my reply, "while you sleep."

"No, my boy. I am an old sailor, and used to keeping my eyes open—snatch a little sleep. I will awake you all at the least noise."

Reluctantly I yielded; but I was anxious not to prolong the discussion, as my father and uncle, despite of our position, and despite the intense excitement they were laboring under, were dropping with fatigue and an irresistible desire for slumber. I led them at once inside my cave, gave them a cordial, and then, after one hearty embrace, they fell fast asleep.

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MY UNCLE ADOLPHUS.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

My uncle Adolphus, bless his toothless old heart, As an amateur painter was high in the art; And well I remember while yet I was small, How he used to acknowledge he was better than all.

While yet he was young and was still quite a scrub, When the whitewasher had gone in quest of his grub, His passion for art made him seize on a broom And whitewash the furniture in the best room; He laid it on thick, and his daddy did, too, For he paid him in full and he left nothing due.

His dad saw the bent of his mind with concern And allowed him all possible chances to learn, So he gave him two weeks at a high school of arts, And several years at driving of carts.

Then he opened a room in a populous row, Bought his paints by the barrel, and let his hair grow, Bought a box of clay pipes, made a sign very gay, Which he stretched like a banner clear over the way.

In mixing his colors his way was quite odd—No palette he used but an Irishman's hod, In which all his colors together were thrown While he stirred them all up—the design was his own.

In the way of reforms he stood at the top, He discarded the brush and employed a mop; His canvas he always stretched wide on the floor, Shoveled the paint on and splattered it o'er.

His portraits were always considered the best, You could tell what the sex was by the way they were dressed.

A pretty girl's portrait he painted so nice And so perfectly true that his fame took a rise, For straightaway all persons proceeded to render Their homage to it as the old hag of Eador.

Just here I may add that so great was his fame, He subsisted for several years on his name. Though his works bore the stamps of original mind, His purse bore no stamps of the Post-office kind. So he yielded to Fate and the sheriff, alas! And he deals now in peanuts at five cents a glass.

The Old Miner's Ruse ;

OR,

JOHN CLEVELAND'S TEMPTATION.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

It was a dejected, almost desperate look that John Cleveland wore, when he entered the walk leading up to the door of his pleasant, cosy-looking house; and the shade also deepened upon the fair face of his young wife, as she met him at the entrance and anxiously placed a hand upon his shoulder. "Don't bother, Mattie," impatiently muttered the husband, almost rudely dinging aside her hand, as he entered the house; but then noting her griefed look, he added, more kindly: "I didn't mean to speak so harsh, pet, but the fact is I am nearly dead with first one thing and then another, and it seems as though I would really go crazy! And if matters don't mend, that will be the end, or worse!" and he dropped into a chair, covering his face with his hands.

The young wife silently moved to his side, and for a moment bowed over him. She was a fair, gentle-looking woman, and every person who knew the two never tired of saying that John Cleveland had truly gained a prize when he led Mattie Foster to the altar. He, too, was generally respected and liked by all his townsmen and business acquaintances, although there were some among the older and more cautious who were wont to shake their wise old heads with a grave air, whenever his business was alluded to.

They thought the young merchant was trying his wings to a dangerous extent, in the way of speculation; and predicted that the day was not far distant when he would awake from his folly, to find them clipped, hopelessly. And, truly, they had some foundation for the fear.

When John Cleveland's father died, he had succeeded to the business; and, having a thorough knowledge of its resources, had flourished far beyond his expectations. But the mania for speculation seized him, and now he was likely to suffer from his rash boldness.

Reverse after reverse had come upon him, until his every energy and resource were necessary to stave off the ruin from day to day, that now stared him in the face, and kept it secret from the business world. But now he could behold not one gleam of hope through the black cloud of ruin—and disaster.

"John," softly breathed his wife, smoothing his hair with a light, soothing touch, "is it so bad as that?"

"So bad!" he cried, almost fiercely, as he sprung to his feet, "so bad, Mattie! Unless by noon to-morrow I can procure fifteen thousand dollars, I am ruined—and worse!"

"Worse?"

"I will be arrested as a felon within less than twenty-four hours afterward."

"Ah, no, John, do not say that," cried the stricken wife, kneeling beside him with clasped hands. "Any thing—any thing but that!"

"I was mad, insane, but I thought I could thus regain what I had lost, and then all would be well. Mattie," he added, with a wild glitter in his eye, "but for you and the little ones I would not care. I could end all trouble, and that thought is all that prevents me now. I suffer a thousand deaths every day of this horrible life!"

"Come, John," said the young wife, by a great effort subduing her feelings, and speaking in an outwardly calm tone, "come up and see the child, now. They have been wondering what kept you so long."

Supper was over and the two children had been sent to bed. The husband and wife were sitting together, talking but little, for their hearts were too filled with woe and despair, at the black future that seemed spread before them, to bear even the sounds of each other's voice, when a heavy knocking was heard at the door. In a moment the maid entered, saying:

"Please, sir, there's a man as wants to see you, down at the—"

"You're out, thar, my leetle chickabiddy," interrupted a deep, sonorous voice; "he's up hyar, I consait, and, as she stepped aside with a little cry, a strange-appearing person entered the room, and bowed to the astonished couple.

"Sarvint, mum, an' your'n too, boss," doffing his coon-skin cap and tugging at a long, grizzled lock of hair. "Beg pardon if I troode, but 'pears like' if I war at hum hyar; does, by gracious?"

"Have you business with me, sir?" asked John, arising.

"Ef so be your han'le is—le' me see," and he fumbled in his pockets, finally producing a soiled and creased paper. "The't's it—Mr. John Cleveland, Esquire," and so forth—then I hee," extending the letter.

"From your uncle Richard, Mattie," as he passed it to his wife. "And your name is—?"

"Jon'than Rickets; nice name, hain't it? Be'n in our family some time—the farmity, I mean, not the name, which is still oldery."

"I see you are just returned from the mines; is it for good, or do you return to them?"

"Fer good? Yes, sirree! I al'ways was a fool, but I hain't big enough one to go back thar when I've got enough to live on, comfortable, in a decent, white man's kentry."

"Then you had good success?" absently asked Cleveland, his mind far away.

"Fust chop! I made a fortin, an', what's a heap better, I've held onto it. Yes, sir, right hyar in this belt, I've got over a hundred thousand dollars in drafts an' notes."

"I see, I've hearn so much about them dog-goned thieves an' rogues in big cities, thet I don't dar' to trust it outen my feelin'."

"You left my uncle well, Mr. Rickets?" asked Mattie, drawing near.

"In health, yes, but in sperrits, mighty poorly. Ye see, Dick war al'ways a unfortunate cuss—beg pardon, mum, it jist sorter slipped out on'awares; I've lived so long mong' roughs, thet darned ef I hain't fergot how to talk decent, anyhow," and Rickets actually blushed.

"You see, him an' me war kinder pardners, like, though Dick w'd'n't go in fer shares, an' we kep' together purty well fer sev'ril y'ars. Wall, I made it pay big, but he war in bad luck; rich most o' the time an' out o' sperrits the rest. He 'n' me use to hev long talks, an' he told me so much about you two, thet it raly 'peared like you war my own 'lutions. I war with 'im when he got thet money, you see, him, an' I'll never fergit the way he did take on. Words war'n't good enough to tell how kind an' lovin' you war, an' then he got right down on his knees—in a mud-puddle, too, fer it'd be'n rainin'—an' vowed never to come back hum tell he could count down a thousand fer every five dollars you sent. He meant it, too, an' won't go back on his word, nyther."

"But, pore critter, it'll be a long time afore thet happens, I'm d'ub's. I war so tetchy thet I offered him half o' mine; but no, he would make it all hisself an' no thanks to anybody. Then when I got

and, turning pale as a ghost, quickly glanced over his shoulder. He seemed to have heard a voice whispering in his ear; a keen, thrilling whisper, telling him of a way out of his trouble! A way, but such an one! The direction his glance next turned revealed its purport. His gaze rested upon the belt of the returned miner. The tempter had said—

"See, here is a fortunate fool, who has more money than he needs, or knows what to do with, that will be spent in a thousand evil ways. Take—or borrow—enough to save you; then you can repay him doubly. Take it—take it!"

The young merchant struggled strongly against the temptation, and strove to rise, but a spell bound him. He closed his eyes and averted his head, but still the tempter assailed him with devilish arguments, and once more his eyes would wander to the swelling ridge where lay the money-belt, now revealed by the miner's position. Great drops of sweat stood out upon his brow, as he wrestled with the evil thoughts, but still he could not move.

Then the tempter began to gain ground, and Cleveland's thoughts changed. He no longer thought of the enormity of this robbing the man who lay there slumbering confidently, but as to how the deed could be accomplished so as to avoid detection.

Could he remove any portion of the money without arousing the sleeper? And what excuse could he give if he was to awaken?

John half arose from his chair, but then the clock chimed out the hour of twelve, with what seemed thunder-claps to the overwrought senses of the watcher. But still the miner did not stir. Then John glanced at the clock, and said to himself:

"If he does not stir before the half-hour, I will do it; if he should, he is safe from me!" and then watched the minute-hand, with calm resolve.

Slowly the hand moved around. Five—ten—fifteen minutes, and yet no movement. The man lay there, calmly slumbering, little dreaming what a fearful stake was resting with him to decide. Twenty minutes—one—two, and John gathers himself up, ready to commit the crime. He half arose, when the door suddenly opened and his wife appeared.

He glared wildly at her as if she was an avenging spirit, and then sunk back into his chair, covering his face with his hands, while the scalding tears trickled through his fingers. His better angel had conquered,

compliment, now. If you don't take that as a free gift, blamed if I don't will every cent to Mattie, here, and then commit suicide. Now, there!"

They sat in silence for a minute; the two younger dazed with the magnitude of the gift, and at the thought that they were now saved from the doom that had threatened them.

"Uncle Dick was the first to speak. 'You need not think you are robbing me, for I can nearly match that pile with what I have left. And, besides, there's a condition. I give you that, if, in return, you will agree to saddle yourself with me for the rest of my life. You're the only kin I have left, and I should like to be with you, if it's no trouble.'"

"Uncle Dick?"

"Well, then, we'll call that settled. You see, when I wrote to you last, I was not worth a cent; flat broke, and down sick. But I managed to get possession of a fine stream of water, and, by retailing it to the diggers, I piled up the dust 'most as fast as I could count it. Fixed me an aqueduct and reservoir, and then sold it by the inch. Then, when I'd enough made, I sold out for a pretty plum, and struck for home. So you see it was all honestly made."

But we will dwell no longer, only adding that John Cleveland cleared himself from all difficulties, and, taught a lesson by his sad trouble, was content with the more safe, if slower, method of making money, and forever after eschewed speculating.

Camp-Fire Yarns.

What the "Norther" Did.

A TALE OF THE FROZEN CAMP.

THE "Norther" was driving down upon us literally with the "speed of the wind," and timber was yet two miles distant, with not a twig the size of a man's thumb, nor a swell in the level prairie, to break the force of the blast if it should strike us.

This may seem a small matter to those who do not know what a Texas "Norther" is, a real stiff one, with sleet or hail accompanying; but we knew what was coming, and the way raw-hide and Mexican spurs were applied was a caution.

"Can't make it, boys!" yelled Steve Darling; but we did "make it," and rode into the timber just as the advance-guard of the hur-

ricanes swept by, with a roar like the discharge of a park of artillery.

There was no use in trying to start a fire; and so, seeking the windward side of a small ravine that was fortunately near at hand, we drew our blankets about our shoulders and huddled down close together, to "out-sit the storm," as one of the fellows termed it.

The time and situation were not very conducive to conversation, and, for more than an hour, a perfect silence was maintained, a thing most unusual in a party of rangers.

"It ar' a darn sight w'ar'n't thet night down on Nences, hain't it, Dave?" at length spoke a deep voice out of the darkness, for night had fully set in, and it was as black as the wing of a crow.

"Well, it ar' eekle to it, Billee, ef 'tain't wus," answered another voice.

"That's it! Tell us about it! Give us the yarn!" were the various exclamations heard on every side.

"Who the h—s that war enny yarn?" snapped the first speaker. "A feller can't open his fly-trap 'thout a dozen greenhorns grabbin' arter his words, like a coyote arter a perrary-dog!"

"Thar now, Billee, stop windin', an' tell the boyes 'bout thet night when Comanch fooled theselves," said Dave Larkin, the old trapper's sworn chum and constant companion.

"Well, I don't see why I shied'n, ef it ar' onny to show these hyar young fellers what will sometimes happen to a man when he ain't lookin' fur it nor nuthin' else," said the old fellow, complacently, though what he meant by the last sentence was probably better known to himself than any one else.

"'Twar in '35, boyes, jess a year or two arter the war with the greasers, an' the kentry, especially 'long ther border, war in despr't condition from the Mexikins an' Comanch, who evidently had a 'deer thet war thar jess fur them to commit ther deviltries in. But they soon found out they war mistook, didn't they, Dave?" and the old sinner indulged in a quiet chuckle, that was irresistibly amusing.

"You see, it war fur the settlement uv these imps an' varmints thet the Rangers hilt together arter the war war over, an' me an' Dave, hyar, b'longed to a company, an' it war a staver too, you may bet high onto it."

"Old John, you all know him, war in command, an' them as knows him well knows thet he ar' a screamer when ther tug comes."

"Well, it war the seckind winter arter the war, an' thet old feller hed us out in the

Nences kentry lookin' arter the Comanch, so he said, but thar war more Mexikins went under thet winter than ther did Comanch, by a darned sight. Waugh! but he war pizen on a greaser, warn't he, Dave?"

"Well, late one evenin' we struck a big trail—Comanch, goin' to'ards the river, an' we seed at on't thet it war a war party, an' a strong one at thet. Dave an' me an' Jim Curtis took the trail an' lifted it at a lops, an' by sundown hed carried it right smack into a grove uv big live oaks."

"When we seed whar the imps hed made fur, we war dead sartin thet they meant ter make a stand an' fight fur it, an' so Old John sent us three out to 'feel the varmints,' es he called it."

"It ar' a bad thing, thet feelin' Comanch, fur I've seed many a poor feller what felt 'em a leetle too much."

"Well, we reched the timmer 'thout alarmin' the red-skins, an' crep' up to the edge uv the clarin' an' peeked out."

"It war a big camp, seventy-five saddles ef thar war one, a-lyin' around, but what took us all uv a heap war thet ther wusn't more'n half a dozen warriors to be seen no whar."

"What ther blazes do it mean?" sed Jim Curtis.

"Neither Dave nor me could tell enny better'n Jim, an' so we put back an' told Old John."

"Left ther camp in charge, an' gone off on a rampage," sed the old chap in a mint; "an' may I be skinned by a perrall uv red ants ef at thet very minit we didn't see the red light in the east, whar the varmints hed fired somebody's ranch."

"We knowed it war too late to help them people, an' so we determined ter fix ther imps when they got back."

"In ten minits we hed surrounded the clump, an' in half thet time hed rubbed out the camp-keepers, ev'ry skunk uv 'em."

"Twar well done; an', arter the scrimmage war over, Old John posted us along the edge uv the timmer, to wait fur the Comanch."

"Twar'n't long afore we heard 'em comin'. They war aboot, ther mustangs bein' roped out in the perrary a-feedin', an' when they got in range we let 'em hev it hot an' sharp."

"Well, now, them Comanch war the surprisdest set uv imps I ever see, an' 'twould 'a' made a mustang lar' ter hear 'em yellin' an' howlin' when they ketched our volley."

"They outnumbered us, the Comanch did, three to one, but we hed 'em fine, an' they know'd it."

"Lordy, how they did fight fur ther fixin's, but 'twarn't no use, an' by-and-by they fell back and surrounded the clump, an' seemed determined to wait fur mornin'."

"The wind hed been risin', in puffs like, ever since night hed set in, an' 'bout mid-night we seed thet a 'Norther' war about onto us."

"We didn't mind it much, but we knowed it would be rough on them half-naked varmints; an' so it war, rougher by a darn sign'n any uv us thought."

"Lordy, how the wind did howl an' screech an' roar through the old oaks, an' by-and-by the sleet begin ter cut us in the faces, an' then we had it sure 'nough."

"Ev'ry on't in a while we could see a flash, an' then a little blaze out in the perrary, an' we know'd the Comanch war makin' fire-holes to squat over."

"The 'Norther' hilt on all night; an' I tell you, boyes, it war the coldest one this hoss ever see in more'n thirty year on the perraries an' in the mount'ns."

"Some uv the boyes hed ther fingers an' toes froze tight an' stiff, even though they hed shelter an' a heap uv the Injuns' blankets an' things, an' more'n one uv 'em carries the marks yit."

"To'ards mornin' the wind died out purty much, an' when the sun kim up, the thing hed blowed itself out."

"Thar war the Comanch, away out on the perrary, ev'ry mother's son uv 'em still squatin' over his fire-hole, with ther little blankets draw'd tight across ther shou'lders, es if they war tryin' to thaw out afore comin' in the fight."

"They war on ev'ry side uv us, all sittin' perfectly still, a-watchin' us like so munny hungry wolves round a wounded bufler."

"Fur a long time we lay redly fur 'em, but never a move had they made, an' the sun war now more'n two hours high."

"All at on't, Old John, who hed been lookin' hard at the imps, wheels about an' sez: 'Bill, sez he to me, 'jess step out on the perrary an' see ef you can't knock one uv them squatin' figgers over. Don't be afear'd, sez he, 'we'll support ye.'"

"Me afear'd! The boyes all larfed et thet; an', grupp'n' my rifle, I went out in the open, an' got within range, when I ups an' tumbles over one uv the varmints."

"The balance thet day moved a h'w'r, an' then I heard Old John say: 'Kin you, boyes, I guess they won't hurt us much, an' with thet the whole party come a-runnin' out to'ards whar I war.'"

"An' them Comanch didn't hurt us, fur thar they still squatted, ev'ry imp uv 'em froze ter death."

Beat Time's Notes.

HEAVEN helps those who help themselves. Our landlord can't see it, he says, any more than he can see the back of his head in the glass when he turns around very suddenly.

In any thing that you may be, be number one. If you are smart, be the smartest; and if you are lazy, be the laziest.

A MAN, who was stung while hunting for honey, found all sweets have a sting, and suffers from an attack of liver.

If you dream of drinking water like a maelstrom, it is a sign that you are drier than you were the evening before.

A HUSBAND'S peace of mind is often broken by a piece of his wife's mind.

WHEN a man's nose is as red as a rose, would it be too bad to call it a nosegay?

SINCE whatever is right, it doesn't necessarily follow that whatever isn't is wrong.

If bread is the staff of life, why is it so often broken?

A KNIFE that is drawn is not always a draw-knife.

To keep pies, lock them up.



THE OLD MINER'S RUSE.